

5¢

Liberty

Sept 20, 1941



BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS

What Hitler Told Me About Christianity *by Pastor Niemöller*
of the Windsors Had Only Waited ..

THE INSIDE STORY OF AN EMOTIONAL BLUND
TOLD AT LAST



***We WON'T
let him down***

MAYBE he is your son—who smiled so cheerfully when he boarded the troop train. Or maybe he is that serious young fellow who worked next to you. Or that happy-go-lucky boy of your neighbors.

Whoever he is, he's working hard and cheerfully, putting up with some real hardships to keep America the way it always has been and the way we want it to stay.

But he can't do his job unless the rest of us do ours. And for our part, we can say—we won't let him down.

We'll step up to our part in moving these vast quantities of

food and supplies—yes, and the vaster quantities of raw materials from which they are made. The railroads are equipped and organized to do this and at the same time take care of the other mass transportation needs of the nation.

The speed-up of the defense effort and the shifting of large freight movements from water to rail have increased the demand on railroads, but the railroads have successfully taken on each new assignment—and are stepping up their equipment to keep pace with future needs.

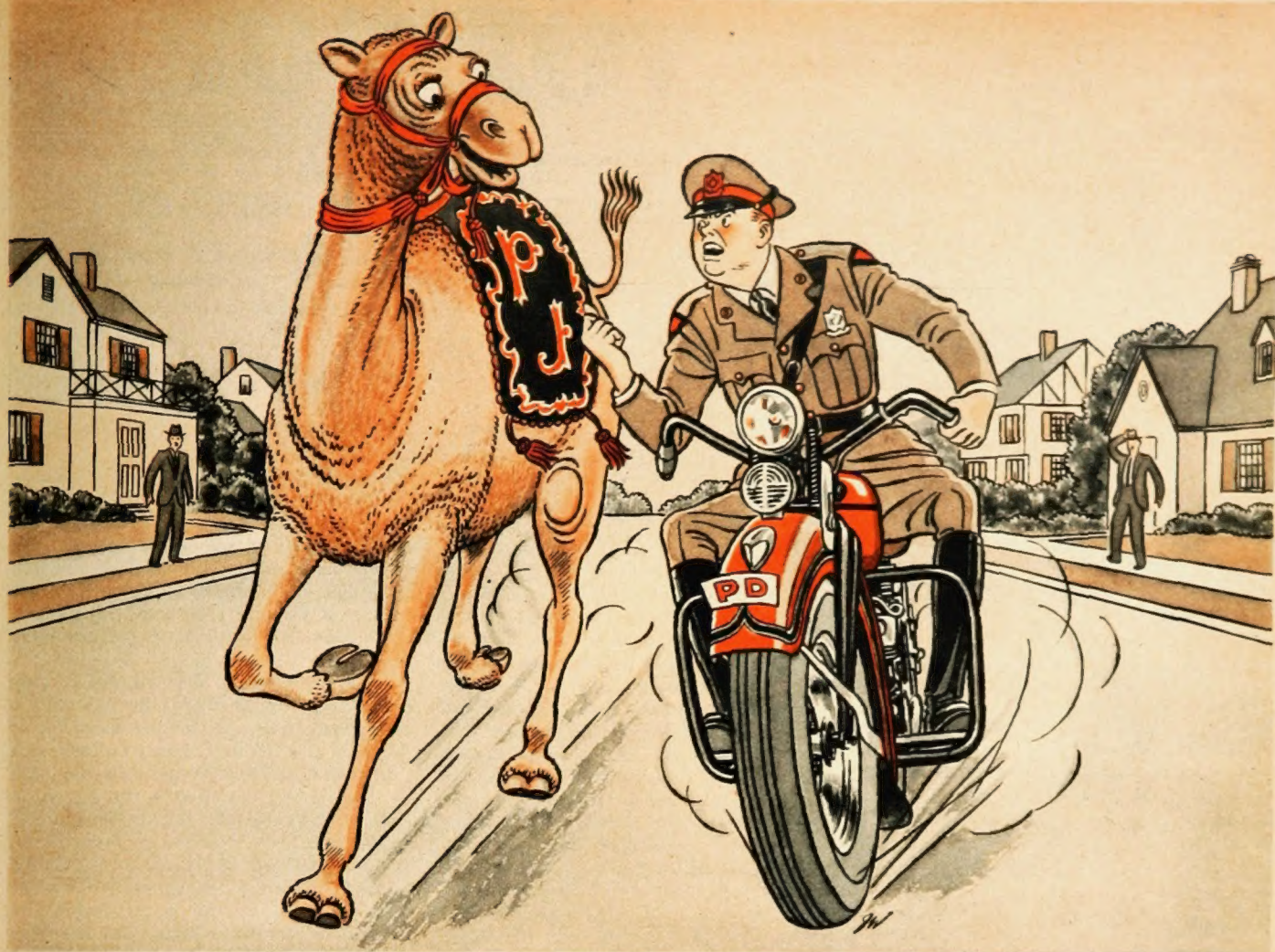
Since the fall of 1939, the railroads have added nearly 200,000

new and rebuilt cars—and more are being added every day.

Just one example—for months railroads have delivered an average of 5,000 carloads a day of materials at camps and other defense projects—with never a tie-up or a delay on account of rail transportation failure.

To keep this record clear—to meet the needs of America—is the firm resolve of the American railroads and the loyal army of more than a million railroaders. We have the plant. We have the man power. We have the skill and the ingenuity to do the transportation job that only the railroads can do. We won't let him down.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON, D. C.



"Pull over to the curb!"

POLICEMAN: And now, my perambulating Persian, will you be good enough to tell me just where you were going at such a clip?

CAMEL: To the country club, officer, to deliver a speech on—

POLICEMAN: Oho! Speeches is it now? And what would a camel like yourself be delivering speeches about, may I ask?

CAMEL: About a highly desirable quality in whiskey, gracious sergeant. A quality of which I am the living symbol and chief prophet. A—

POLICEMAN: So, my elegant Arabian! We're a symbol now, are we? And just what is it we're a symbol of?

CAMEL: Of *Dryness*, noble captain. *Dryness* in whiskey... the quality of truly great whiskies which permits their full, rich flavor to come through... clear and undistorted.

Does the great captain not know that experts *demand* this quality in whiskey?

POLICEMAN: And pay a fancy price for it, too, I warrant!

CAMEL: Ah no, Your Honor. There is, among whiskies, a rare and wonderful jewel, a whiskey of benign flavor and magnificent dryness, *Paul Jones*. A whiskey of such superb flavor and so moderate a price that wise men know it as a *great buy*. So magnificent a value that its popularity jumped five times in less than two years!

POLICEMAN: And you go about telling folks about this wonderful dry Paul Jones whiskey?

CAMEL: Even so, Commissioner.

POLICEMAN: It's sinning I'd be were I to hold you from your work, my fine and noble beast. Get along now, and behave yourself!

*The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry*

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Paul Jones are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



Some Reach!

VOX POP

REBUTTAL IN DEBATE FOR UNION NOW WITH BRITAIN

In its August 9 issue Liberty published an article by Clarence K. Streit, giving his reasons for advocating Union Now with Great Britain. In the following issue, August 16, George E. Sokolsky wrote a challenging answer, opposing the plan for Union Now. Each has written a brief rebuttal:

By CLARENCE K. STREIT

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Mr. Sokolsky says "the crux of this discussion is that we are living through a period of revolution," "moving into a new era," "without chart or compass." We agree on that, and both seek to save our American liberties from this dangerous situation. How? Here we differ.

I propose that we save our birthright by action, that we chart a course by the stars our fathers steered by. Just as they united colonial democracies against George the Third in a Federal Union capable of growing into the present United States of America, I propose that we unite national democracies against Adolf the First in a similar Federal Union capable of growing eventually into the United States of the World. I can imagine no safer, freer world than that.

Mr. Sokolsky apparently thinks the American people and their Federal Union principles have already reached their limits, and lacks my faith in them and their possibilities of continued gradual growth. He scares up all sorts of bugaboos to persuade the reader that our principles won't work on a bigger scale, will fail if we extend them even to six other democracies that speak our language. (Lacking space here, I must ask readers desiring detailed answers to his objections to turn to my books, Union Now, and Union Now with Britain.)

But what then does he trust in and advise us to do? He devotes just this one sentence to that: "The best we can do, in our own interest, is to beware, to watch, look and listen, but to avoid as far as possible giving up our birthright for something that we know nothing about."

He offers no constructive alternative, nothing but a policy of suspicious aloofness, continuance of the isolationism that we have tried for twenty years and that has already endangered us as nothing ever did before.

He would have us meet danger as Peter Rabbit could and would. I would have us follow, instead, the example of the bold pioneers who founded our Federal Union. I leave it to the reader.

I have read Mr. Streit's letter in rebuttal with keen interest.

Essentially Mr. Streit says that because we have succeeded in establishing and maintaining, under our Constitution, a splendid country upon this continent, we should dissipate our blessings of strength by adding to ourselves a number of other countries that are now weak, in danger, or derelict. He says that is a constructive proposal.

As I understand his letter, his only criticism of me is that I do not offer a constructive proposal for the succoring of the lame and the halt among nations. But I do not regard that as my particular task—nor do I feel that that is the American task. Constructively, what we need to devote our lives to is the preservation of the integrity and character of the United States of America, the conservation of its energy and resources in the interest of the 132,000,000 Americans, and the continuance for all time among us of our free institutions, of our Constitution, of our federalism, of our form of private enterprise, of our specific democracy.

Obviously that is a tall order in this confused world, and I do not believe that either I or most Americans want to take on more at this time. If other nations admire us, they are free to imitate our way of life. But we need no partners.

NO SELL-OUT

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO—Just read your editorial Shall We Sell Out China? (August 16 Liberty.) Your answer is "No," and may I join you most enthusiastically?

We are, the world is where it is today because of sell-outs called, for respectability's sake, appeasements. They have never worked, and they never will.—Charles B. Timmons.

HOLBROOK, ARIZ.—I certainly like the editorial saying we could blow the liver and lights out of Japan. Got fed up a long time ago reading about Japan's powerful navy and air force, which would

To make life easier for you, Swank presents this ingenious Extension Key Chain. Pulls out to twice its length and returns to normal size with one simple motion. Enables you to reach any keyhole. At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops...\$1.50 up.

EXTENSION
KEY CHAIN

By

SWANK

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, 5c a copy, \$2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year. In all other countries, \$4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Copyright, 1941, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

"I wish Gramp didn't live with us . . . so there!"

*A young mother
learns the best way to solve
an old problem*



1. I try never to spank my little boy, Stevie. I don't believe in it. But when the little imp was so rude to his Grandpa,

the other day, I could have whaled him! My husband's father is a darling and he's so sensitive about having to live with us.



2. The fuss started when I asked Gramp to give Stevie a laxative. Stevie set up a howl. He hated the taste of it and he flatly refused to take it. So Gramp forced it down him. Then Stevie yelled he hated Gramp and wished he didn't live with us.



3. I punished Stevie for hurting Gramp's feelings. And we all looked miserable when my cousin, who's a registered nurse, stopped by. When I told her about it, she looked startled. "Why run the risk of forcing him to take a bad-tasting laxative?"



4. "You could shock a child's delicate nervous system that way," my cousin went on. "Children should get a *nice-tasting laxative*—one made especially for children. Why don't you try Fletcher's Castoria? Kids love it—and it's *safe* and efficient."



5. "You can really rely on Fletcher's Castoria," she added. "It's thorough, but mild. There isn't a single harsh purging drug in it. Try it . . . I know you'll agree with me." So I walked her to Main Street and bought a bottle right then and there.



6. Well, the next time Stevie needed a laxative, I let Gramp give him Fletcher's Castoria. And Stevie *did* love the taste. He hugged Gramp and now they're great buddies. Fletcher's Castoria sure solved *my* youngster's laxative problem...the *safe* way!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**
The **SAFE** laxative for children

"And Lucy didn't like me—'til I banished double



"THE prettiest, nicest girl in town for a wife... could any man be happier? But I shudder to think how close I came to losing her just because of 'Double O' " (offensive breath and offensive-looking teeth). "Thank Heaven someone tipped me off and I got after the 'Double O' in a hurry."

Lots of otherwise fastidious men grow careless or forgetful about the "Double O". . . and thus risk their chances. What a mistake!

There's a delightful morning and night double precaution against the "Double O" which thousands of popular men insist on daily.

For the breath, Listerine Antiseptic, of course—it quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

And to make teeth more brilliant and

flashing . . . to add to the attractiveness of your smile, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Changed in formula and action—and especially created to attack cloudy, loose deposits; dull film; unpleasant surface stains and discolorations that make teeth unattractive. For 8 years skilled scientists labored to perfect this lustre-giving formula. Many say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

If you want others to like you . . . want to put your best foot forward, start using the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more wholesome smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath. Your common sense tells you it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

the double precaution
against double *Offensive* *Breath*
Offensive *looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

last about four hours if our Pacific fleet could meet all of them at once. Had no idea that anybody outside of our navy personnel thought we could whip the Japs.—George A. Kyes.

NO HIT, NO RUN

DOITHVILLE, MICH.—In Why Bob Feller Is a Champion (August 9 Liberty) writing of Bob Feller's pitching a no-hit, no-run game on opening day against the White Sox, it was stated that it had never been accomplished before.

On the inaugural day of the American League in Detroit, Thursday, April 19, 1900, at Bennett Park, Detroit failed to score or to hit safely throughout the game.—Joseph Polly, Jr.

Touché, old-timer, touché, as they used to say in Paris, and thank you for your letter and the interest it shows in Liberty. The game you are alluding to was not a major-league game, as the American League was not organized until 1901. But this is no alibi, and you have the right dope about the no-hit opening game. That was the one in which Morris L. (Doc) Amole, pitching for Buffalo, shut out Detroit without a hit. It was in the Metropolitan Association, although it also was sometimes known, "unofficially," as the American League.—JACK DEMPSEY.

COVER ROMANCE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—We are a group of friends of your cover girl of August 2, Patricia (Patrick) Clark, and we are asking you to wish her bon voyage for us.

She is now Mrs. Clinton D. Adams and on the S. S. Acadia bound for Trinidad, B. W. I., on her honeymoon.

Pat is tops and we hope you will let us have her again. — Pat's Pals.



BELATED JUSTICE

BOSTON, MASS.—I am a great admirer of John Kieran of the New York Times, and call your attention to what I deem a major oversight—the omission in your Columnist Quiz (August 2 Liberty) of any reference to the many outstanding qualities so often demonstrated and established by Mr. Kieran as a columnist.

Mr. Kieran, by virtue of his ability, knowledge, sense of humor, and understanding of human nature, is in my opinion the greatest columnist of today.—Emil E. Fuchs.

GERMAN BACKSLIDING

NEW PORT RICHEY, FLA.—What has German sponsorship of Christianity done? It backslides to a brutalized science of war, forgetting Frederick the Great, Luther, Mozart, Goethe.

Knowledge of the Old Testament and the New is an education that has stood the test of time and will stand all tests of race superiority.—Burton Cole.

BEVERLY HILLS

Movie Guide

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

★★★★ THE LITTLE FOXES

After a year and a half of deliberate inactivity, producer Sam Goldwyn explodes with a violence that should shake several glittering Oscars from the Academy Awards' shelves. In all departments—writing, directing, and acting—Mr. Goldwyn's screen production of *The Little Foxes* is well nigh perfect. It seems a pity, in a way, perfection should be directed toward a theme so ugly, a people repellent as the Hubbards, the "little foxes that spoil the vines."

Lillian Hellman, who wrote the drama that ran 736 times in New York before swinging through the circuits, has written an even better screen adaptation, giving it more strength and vigor and bringing the characters into clearer focus. Whether it's due to the writing or direction, we can't say, but those who have not seen the play may find the first minutes of the picture talkatively confusing. Once the plot is firmly established, however, it moves in every detail with beautiful precision. The writer has placed her Hubbard family in the deep South at the turn of the century; a family of scavengers that prey upon the fading aristocrats and gradually gain control of the county. Their inter-family scheme to buy into a cotton machine is the framework upon which their bitter connivings are built.

All doubts, and some have crept in lately, that Bette Davis is Hollywood's top dramatic actress have been dispelled by her performance of the relentlessly cruel Regina. Even when she is absent for long sequences at a time her dominating presence is felt. As competition, Bette has five members of the New York cast: Patricia Collinge as Aunt Birdie, the harassed shy aristocrat, Charles Dingle and Carl Benton Reid as the scheming brothers, Dan Duryea as the moronic nephew, and John Marriott as the colored servant. Hollywood's eyes popped wide open at the skill and smoothness of these "foreigners" from the stage who performed much too cleverly for comfort in movietown's own back yard. It's been a long time since pictures have produced supporting talent such as this.

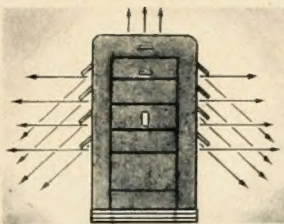
Teresa Wright, lured from the New York cast of *Life with Father*, wins a new contract for her outstanding

(Continued on page 41)

Now! END ASHES AND DRUDGERY IN STOVE-HEATED HOMES!

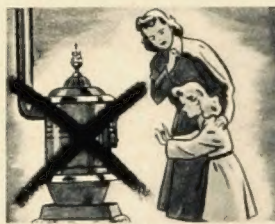


Only SUPERFEX Oil Heaters give you modern triple-action comfort . . . and at low cost!



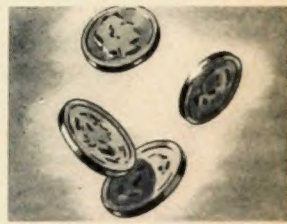
EXCLUSIVE, PATENTED SHUTTERS DIRECT RADIANT HEAT!

Cozy, sun-like radiant heat *directed* where you need it—floors are really *warmed*! No other heater gives you this 3-way comfort—*directed* heat . . . *radiant* heat . . . plus *circulated* warm air!



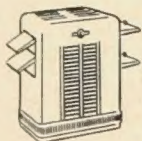
INSTANT HEAT . . . NO COLD MORNINGS!

No fuss, no dirt, no "tending fire!" You can get *automatic* Superfex Heaters if you wish. Just set the thermostat for the temperature you want . . . Fuel piped in from outside tank . . . no handling it!



AND SO ECONOMICAL!

Superfex and Ivanhoe Oil Heaters cost little to buy, and to operate—burning even cheap, high-heat No. 2 oil . . . Small down payment—easy terms. Send the coupon today—make your next winter *comfortable*!



SUPERFEX and IVANHOE OIL HEATERS

Products of
PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY

The Mark  of Quality

OTHER STYLES!—Superfex and Ivanhoe models for every need, every budget. 3-speed blowers available on most models, where heating additional rooms is a difficult problem.

TRADE IN YOUR OLD STOVE • BALANCE EASY TERMS!

WRITE TODAY!

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY
7320-B Platt Avenue • Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me the free new, illustrated booklets describing the many models of Superfex and Ivanhoe Oil Heaters.

Name

Address

Post Office State

Never too busy to be Good Neighbors

THERE are a lot of workers in the Bell System — about 350,000 of them. That's a big family and it likes to be a friendly kind of family.

Whether it be the installer in the house, the people in our offices, the operators or the line-man on the roadside helping to rescue a stray kitten for a worried youngster, telephone workers are close to the public and the tradition of the job is helpfulness.

Even in these days when the needs of defense place sudden and increasing demands on telephone workers, they are never too busy to be good neighbors.



Bell Telephone System

"The Telephone Hour" is broadcast every Monday. (N.B.C. Red Network, 8 P.M., Eastern Daylight, Saving Time.)



Liberty

SEPTEMBER 20, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 38



MR. ROOSEVELT WINS A POINT

☆ THE United States achieved a great diplomatic victory in No. 7 of the Roosevelt-Churchill peace aims—the freedom of the seas.

Many readers of *Liberty* will recall a discussion on this page only a few weeks ago in which we argued that this principle was of such importance to us as a nation that we should stop at nothing, not even war, to insure its safety.

Freedom of the seas has always been an American idea. It has never been a British idea, not since Queen Elizabeth sent out Drake and his fleet to sink the Spanish Armada. He did sink it, and ever after, England was called Mistress of the Seas. She maintained her sovereignty by defeating Napoleon's admirals at the Battle of Trafalgar.

But this unparalleled naval force that overwhelmed the French failed to crush the Americans. It could not crush us in the Revolutionary War, when John Paul Jones raided the innermost harbors of the old country; nor in 1812, when we won, as our principal peace aim, the freedom of the seas.

But we lost it again in the Peace of 1919. We lost it because Woodrow Wilson had underestimated the colossal resistance ready to oppose any such plan. It is strange to recall these circumstances against the dramatic contrast of today's events.

What happened was that President Wilson wrote a speech in which he offered fourteen points as a possible basis for peace. On that basis, and believing that he spoke for all the Allies, the beaten Germans surrendered. Then a meeting of Allied leaders was held and they raised vociferous objections to one after another of the fourteen points, about which they had not been consulted.

It was there and then that Lloyd George completely rejected the point of freedom of the seas.

In *Aftermath*, a book by Winston Churchill, he repeats the account of Colonel House as to what happened:

Prime Minister Lloyd George said he could not accept, even in principle, the freedom of the seas. If he were to accept it he would be thrown out of office. To quote:

"The English people would not look at it. On this point the Nation was absolutely solid."

And again Mr. Churchill quotes Colonel House as saying Lloyd George told him:

"Great Britain would spend her last guinea to keep her navy superior to that of the United States or any other power."

Not so long ago all that—when we lost the battle for the freedom of the seas at the Peace Conference at Versailles. Not so long—and yet, see the vast change that has now come to pass. Roosevelt and Churchill hold a dramatic meeting in the open and neutral waters of a sea that has yet to be freed from raiders, submarines, and mines. The two statesmen shape their historic statement into eight points of binding policy.

And point No. 7 is freedom of the seas! The statement on this subject is unqualified, absolute.

This is an American victory, but it is also a British victory. It obliterates an old and vexed question between the two Powers. It is a victory of Winston Churchill over narrowness and greed, a victory for the British people through increased vision of world justice, and willingness to meet the future with consecration to the good of mankind.

So it is not Rule Britannia, and it is not Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean—it is freedom of the seas for all nations, great and small.

This decision is right. It will hasten the coming, and the staying, of universal peace.

EDITORIAL BOARD

National Defense, LT. GEN. ROBERT LEE BULLARD • Politics, WALTER KARIG • Sports, JACK DEMPSEY • Theater, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN • Movies, BEVERLY HILLS Europe, ROBERT LOW • Industry & Finance, GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY • Books, DONALD L. GORDON • General Affairs, FREDERICK L. COLLINS • Women's Interests, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN • Lexicography, DR. CHARLES EARLE FUNK • Associate Editors, SHEPPARD BUTLER • OLIN H. CLARK • HARRY GRAY • LEE PASQUIN

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

PART ONE—ELBA OR ALCATRAZ?

☆ COME with me to a suburb of Miami, Florida, and I will show you something that will tear your heart out.

Or will it?

Perhaps you are not allergic to the sorrows of kings, or ex-kings, or ex-kings' wives.

But if you are a believer in the American doctrine of fair play, you cannot keep your heartstrings from tugging just a bit when you see the state into which one ex-king and his American wife have fallen, or have been pushed.

Yes—you have guessed it—the Miami suburb we were speaking about is Nassau, and the ex-king and the ex-king's wife are— But you know all about that, too.

Or do you?

Do you know that the ex-king didn't need to be an ex-king?

Do you know that the ex-king's wife might now be Queen of England?

Do you know that the whole wretched tragedy might have been avoided, if the Windsors had only waited until . . .

But we are getting ahead of our story.

We were speaking of a small island off the coast of Florida, a nice little place, whose pink and white garden walls are streaked with purple bougainvillea and topped now and then with the crimson glory of the hibiscus; whose queer old stucco houses stand clear and white in the searching Southern sunlight; whose tiny horses and tinier burros trot patiently along peaceful sunny streets.

But it's suburban, just the same, and jolly good American suburban at that. Two hours by plane from Miami airport, Nassau is nearer by far in spirit to Miami Beach.

Most of the principal hotels are owned by American companies. Most of the steamers and airplanes which carry the tourist throngs to and from the mainland are American-owned and -operated. Substantially all of the elaborate real-estate developments which cover the countryside with fine homes and luxurious clubs are of the typically American, typically Floridian variety.

To its own profit, however, and to the great joy of itinerant Americans, Nassau puts on a grand "foreign" show. The first sight which meets the tourist eye—even before it lights on Dirty Dick's, that not-at-all-dirty bistro conducted in the best American tradition—is the helmeted British bobby, dolled up in an immaculate hot-weather uniform, but unmistakably the same imperturbable human robot that has been struggling patiently through the years, in peacetime and wartime, with the tangled traffic of Piccadilly Circus.

And a welcome sight he must have been, on a summer's day in 1940, to a certain slender, deceptively young-looking Englishman as he stepped with

The Windsors had only

The true inside story of an emotional blunder told at last . . Here are the facts



Waited

his American wife from the gangplank of the small ship, *Lady Somers*, and looked about him for the first time on the place he was now to call home.

That he was not eager to leave the ship which had for a brief passage sheltered him and his wife from prying eyes, is understandable.

The Southern seas are beautiful, and never more so than in the approaches to Nassau's sapphire bay. Small wonder, then, that he had lingered to the final moment by the rail, his thick blond undisciplined hair tossing unheeded in the Bahamian sunlight, as he watched the boatloads of half-naked black boys put out from

The Duke and Duchess at Government House, Bermuda, where they stopped en route to Nassau. The Cairn terrier is one of the trio which caused comment in the Bahamas.



shore to welcome him with their daring feats of diving for tourist coins.

But there were other and graver reasons for this golden-haired perennially young traveler's disinclination to leave his ship.

To Edward Windsor, who loved to roam the Empire he served so long and well, and who did roam it from Kashmir to Saskatchewan for a quarter of a century before Fate made and unmade him king, Nassau, for all its jeweled beauty, was but a prison cell, and the green Atlantic stretching endlessly on every side was but a prison wall.

Was it Elba, or was it Alcatraz?

And how infinitesimal this island outpost of less than sixteen thousand souls must have looked to Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, once Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Chester, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Grand Steward of Scotland, K. G., K. T., K. P., G. C. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. M. G., G. C. I. E., G. C. V. O., G. B. E., I. S. O., M. C., once, by the grace of God, King-Emperor of one fourth of all the inhabitants of the globe!

King Edward's former realm covered more than thirteen million square miles. Governor General Edward's present one, including every rocky reef and coral strand, covers less than five thousand.

More than all the millions of words that were written at the time of Edward Windsor's fall from imperial power, this tininess of his present island hideaway gives the true picture of what has happened to the man who was, less than five short years ago, the world's most exciting figure, its best loved man.

And it is not only to geographical pettiness that the great King Edward has been reduced, but to social and official pettiness as well.

Social intrigues he had experienced in London, and official panoply and ceremonial—and how he hated them both!—but there was, at the Court of St. James's, a certain regal sweep to it all, a certain worth-whileness to the unworth-while. In his new post, the

**BY FREDERICK L.
COLLINS**

pettiness with which he must contend is the pettiness of a small town.

English colonials are more English than the English, far more insistent on gold-braided pomp and routine; and, since they know each other as one small-town neighbor knows another, they are perhaps the most gossipy people in the world. The routine, though he dislikes it, Edward can bear. But the gossip, when it is trained, as it usually is, on the woman he loves, he cannot bear with equanimity.

(Continued on page 34)

"I wish I had started ten days ago. Then we'd be arriving now," she said.



★ FIVE-YEAR-OLD Candy, in a pink-striped dress that was like her name, sat on the breakfast-nook bench, her knees drawn up under her. "What time is it where pop is?" she asked dreamily, staring at a tree outside the window.

"Three o'clock," Jan said. "He's just three hours away." Just three hours as time flies, but three thousand miles. . . . How'll I ever manage it? she

"Please, mom! Only just once more." "Listen, darling," Jan said in exasperation. "Do you think I have nothing to think about but stories for you? Don't you suppose I ever want to be something besides your mother?"

Then her tone changed and she said, "Look, sweet. Being your mother is just part of me. The rest is Jan Whitcomb. Sometimes I've got to be her, and right now is one of them. I've been your mother all morning,

wide-eyed tone—"early, early in the morning while it's still almost night—I'll get up softly, softly, and tiptoe around, getting dressed. I'll pack my nightgown, my toothbrush, and anything else I see lying around. And the floor boards will creak the way they do before they get used to its being morning.

"Then I'll go out to the kitchen and stir up your cereal: click, click, click. And squeeze the oranges: squish, squish, squish. And set the table: slap, bang, clackety-click. Did I say quietly? Wow, what a clatter! for everything sounds ten times as loud that early in the morning.

"Then I'll open the door of your room, softly, softly, so I won't wake Perk. . . . And *cree-eak*: darn that door; And *squee-eak*: darn that floor board!"

Candy was giggling with delight, her hand up over her mouth. Perk was listening too, her eyes wide and still.

"Then, when I get by your bed, I'll say, 'Can-dy.'" She whispered the name. "'Can-dy.' And I'll touch your shoulder. And you'll wriggle down under the covers and say, 'Um-m-m-m-m-m.' Then I'll say, 'Don't you want to go see pop?' And you'll say, 'Pop?' And—pop—up you'll come! . . .

"Then we'll scamper out to the kitchen, fast, fast, fast; but—sh-h, sh-h—don't wake Perk."

At sound of her name Perk gave a squeal of pleasure.

"And there Perk is," Jan said, spreading her hands. "Wide awake. And then it's 'Ma-ma.' And then it's rush, rush, rush. . . . The crib comes apart and gets put in the car. The suitcases get filled and get snapped shut and get put in the car. Then it's out to the car and back to the house, and out to the car and back to the house, and out to the car—Oh, I'm exhausted already, Candy. That's enough."

"Go on," Candy said. "Go on. And then—"

"Then the floors get swept again, the sinks get scoured again, the drawers get searched again. Nothing in there—bang; all clear there—bang; nothing—bang, bang, bang. And we finally get away."

"Then we take the key to the landlord—"

"And we get in the car again and we start. Zoom, zoom down the highway and, pop, out for lunch. Zoom down the highway and, pop, out for dinner. Zoom a bit further and go to bed. . . . Then up, up, up; and pack, pack, pack; and zoom again, zoom again—Just ten days of it, Candy. That's all. Ten days. Oh, it'll be wonderful. *Maybe*."

Scornful laughter rich in the "maybe." And Candy echoed it: "Oh, it'll be wonderful. *May-be*. . . . Only Perkyl'll cry all the way!" Candy said. "And we'll run out of gas! And we'll take the wrong road! And the car'll break down!"

"But except for those little items," Jan said wryly, "everything's going to be wonderful."

"Yeah," Candy said, delightedly

Darling..

Hello!

A glowing story of hearts and lives today and a girl who gave up all she thought she wanted . . . for love

BY CONSTANCE BESTOR

thought, looking at her children: Candy, with her big dark eyes and light-brown pigtailed; Perk, whose blue eyes and blonde hair matched Whit's. . . . Three thousand miles. And Perk only eighteen months old.

Perk, in her high chair, dug awkwardly and happily in her pudding dish, resisting Jan's help. "Big girl!" Jan said whenever the spoon reached Perk's mouth safely; but her praise was automatic, and when she had to wipe Perk's chin the gesture was automatic, too. She was thinking about Marshall, who wanted her to do a radio script; she was thinking about Gerstein, who wanted to give her a part in his play; and she was thinking about Whit, for whom she would have to give up these things. She sighed.

And Candy's dark eyes turned at once from the window; the pigtailed swung. "Tell about the trip again, mom," she said.

"Oh, not again," Jan protested. "Have a heart, Candy. . . . Put your feet down and finish your pudding."

and I told you that story three times. Right now I want to be myself, and I don't want any one to talk to me."

Which is a horrid thing to say to your child, she thought. But she and Candy were friends and they didn't have to be just mother and daughter.

"When you grow up," Jan said, sighing, "and have children of your own, you'll know what I'm talking about. When you grow up I'll be an old woman, but right now I'm young and I can't just be a mother."

"I know," Candy said. "But tell it just once more. . . . Just like before, but only with a little bit of difference."

Jan's dark slender brows lifted, her mouth turned its corners in a wry smile; and, in remorse for her momentary exasperation, she said, "All right. Just once. . . . Drink your milk, Perk. Bottoms up! And, Candy, take your last spoonful of pudding before I tell it."

When the mug and the dish were empty, she said, "Well, one week from today"—her voice took a breath-held,

scornful, "except for those little items!"

Jan lifted Perky in her arms, tossing her. "And Perk'll get the measles, and you'll get the mumps," she sang. "And the car'll get a flat—"

"And we'll all get the bumps," Candy said.

"But except for those little items," they both said together, "it'll be wonderful. *Maybe.*"

And when they got there: "Unfortunately," Whit had written her, "the town has had a defense boom and there isn't a house available. Rents are sky-high. But no matter what we offered we couldn't get a house. I finally found a two-room apartment that will have to do temporarily. Unless you want to live in Wilton, which is seventy miles from camp and would mean I could only get home week-ends. It's pretty dingy, I'm afraid—you're going to have to cook on an electric plate in the bedroom and wash dishes in the bathroom sink—but here they're drilling it into us that this is a national emergency and we can't indulge in personal whims. I guess you'll have to make the best of it. I'm sorry, darling. And oh, I'm so sorry to drag you away from San Francisco again, and I know what the house meant to you, but— Well—"

★ OH, well, Jan thought (bending over Perky's crib, tucking her in for her nap, opening the window), it's just for nine months. And then maybe some place else for six months, and then some place else. I've lived all my life in periods of six months. I've spent all my life following some one else around. First father, who never knew what he wanted to do. Then Aunt Harriet, who moved whenever she got bored, and was always bored. And the only time I had what I wanted was when I was working and had a studio apartment with a view of the bay. I had my own things around me and it was quiet and ordered and there were foghorns sounding.

I was making money. I lived my own life. And every one said I had a future. Is this it? To follow Whit around the country? To wait in furnished rooms for him to get through working and spend a few spare minutes with me?

She knew that life. They had had five years on CCC duty. When she met Whit she was doing radio work: writing the script, and taking the part of her heroine. It was melodrama and she was a little ashamed of it, but it was a way up. She was sure she was destined to be a great actress. And she felt pretty smart. Whit thought she was pretty smart, too.

He was out of a job then, and when he had a chance—as a Reserve lieutenant—to go on CCC duty, he came around to say good-by.

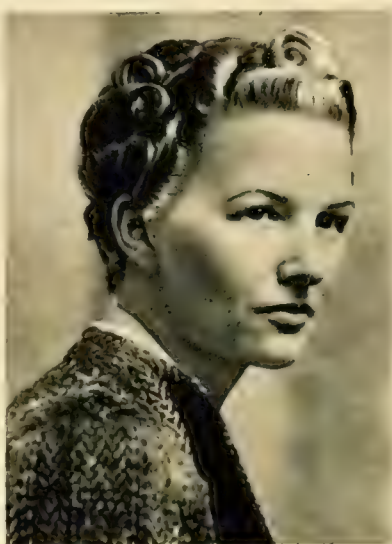
"It wouldn't do . . ." he said. They were parked on the hill behind Berkeley. Below them lay the lights of two towns, and across the dark bay brilliant San Francisco stretched two shining arms to touch the lights of

Oakland, the dark hills on the north. The beauty of the night, the poignancy of separation, brought their hands together. They sat in silence, looking straight ahead, watching the slow lights of a boat move across the black bay. The side of his hand touched her fingers lightly, separating them, outlining her hand.

"It wouldn't do," he said, "to ask you to marry me. I couldn't expect you to give up all you've got, to go with me." It was a flat statement, and his face didn't turn to her; but there was a question there, hanging in the air between them. And she let it hang.

No, she thought, I can't give it up. The boat moved on slowly, and the moment passed with it. Then Whit's

THE AUTHOR



Constance Bestor, herself the mother of two children and the wife of an army officer whom she follows from post to post, is well qualified through her own experience to write Jan Whitcomb's story. Mrs. Bestor is now with her husband, whose duties have taken him to North Carolina.

hand gave hers a light decisive pat, and he turned the key in the ignition. "I'd better take you home," he said. And she let him take her.

But when he was gone, life seemed blank. There was her work. There was her apartment. There was the life she wanted. What was the matter with it?

One night she came in, threw her wrap on a chair, and stood at the window. She was to sign a new contract in the morning, at more money. But she wasn't thinking of that. She was thinking, All I have to say is "Long distance," and the phone will ring in the officers' quarters of a CCC camp in Nevada. And Whit will say, "Hello."

On impulse she picked up the phone. She said, "Long distance, please." She said, "I want to speak to . . ." And then his voice said, "Hello." Or rather, it said, "Lieutenant Whitcomb speaking."

It was only then that she wondered what she had meant to say. "I . . . I just wanted to say hello," she said.

And he said, "Hello. . . Oh, darling, hello!"

"There's a train in the morning," she said, and she had to wet her lips and repeat it before he understood.

"Do you want me to come? I'm coming."

They were married in Reno. And for four years she followed him from company to company: a Nevada desert; then a California valley for three months of intense heat; then the mountains; then the desert again. Whit had to spend every other night in camp; sometimes he got home only week-ends. And Jan waited in furnished rooms.

The first months they saved money, planning to go back to San Francisco. But almost immediately Candy picked them for parents; then, not only did their savings vanish, but they couldn't risk being out of a job for a while when they had her. When Candy was three they decided she needed a brother; so they gave her a sister.

On the day Perk was born all CCC officers were told they would be put on a civilian basis with a reduction in pay. So Whit took a month's leave to look for a job in San Francisco.

Then Perk was eighteen months old.

Whit had been working for seventeen months in an architect's office. They were living in a four-room furnished house, but they had bought a lot; they had drawn up plans for the house they would build; they were saving money. Jan was looking at furniture; at seed catalogues; at garden books.

"Oh, darling," she told him, "I'm so happy. What did we ever do to deserve such happiness? . . . Keep your fingers crossed, darling."

"We'll need to keep them crossed," Whit said. "With the army building up, I'm almost sure to get called."

"Oh, but just for a year," Jan said. "And here at Fort Scott, probably."

"I hope so," Whit said. "But I don't think anybody's going to get out in a year."

"Let's not think about it," Jan said. "We won't even think about it."

But the next week Whit had his orders. He was to go to a training school in the East for three months. Then he would be assigned somewhere on the West Coast. It was too much for the children, they decided, to move across the country and back again, so Jan stayed in San Francisco. They parted at the station with casual words.

"Take care of yourself," Whit said. "My favorite occupation," Jan told him.

He leaned swiftly to kiss Candy and Perk. "Keep your mother in out of the rain. You know how she is."

"Yeah, I know," Candy said. "I'll

have to remind her of everything."

"Remind her often that I love her," Whit said, his eyes on Jan.

She turned quickly. "I'll be seeing you," she said.

But Candy pulled her back. "I want to see the train go. I want to see the train go!"

I don't, Jan thought. I don't want to see the train go. But she stood between the children, holding their hands, watching the train pull slowly out. Whit waved once.

"Well, we're on our own," Jan said, walking briskly back to the car. "Let's see what we can do about it."

★ WHEN the three months were almost over she and Candy tried mental telepathy on the War Department. "Assign him to Fort Scott," Candy said solemnly, her dark eyes intense enough to send rays all the way to Washington. "Fort Scott. Fort Scott." Then she said happily, "I think he heard me, mom. 'Cause I heard somebody say, 'O. K., Candy.'"

"Yeah, he must have heard you," Jan said when Whit was assigned to North Carolina.

"I can't get leave," Whit wrote her. "Do you think you can get here alone? Sell the car if you want to." But they couldn't afford to sell at the bids made them. So Jan decided to drive—three thousand miles. "Oh, simple," she wrote him, using Candy's favorite phrase. "All you have to do is move an inch at a time, and anybody can move an inch."

Now, leaving Perky's crib, she went to the window. Oh, simple, she thought. Ten days driving, and nights making the children comfortable. And up again early, and on; being cheerful because of the children; pretending it's all very funny; pretending for Candy that some day we'll have a home of our own.

For a moment she let resentment fill her. Why should I go? Why should I always have to leave what I want? I have friends here who are interested in the things that interest me. I have a chance to get back into work that I love. Why should I go?

Whit loved going. In spite of all that he said, he loved going. That's it, she thought. He's excited about his work, and he'll be full of it. And what will I have? Why should he—just because he's a man—have work that he loves, and why should I—just because I'm a woman—be expected to follow and wait? He has work that he loves. And I cook prunes and shove cereal down rebellious throats.

We'll drive three thousand miles and live in two rooms, and I'll tell Candy stories about the house we're going to build: Of course there'll be a sandbox. Of course there'll be a swing. . . . For three years I've been telling her that; and at first the stories were happy ones to tell, for I believed them too; but now I no longer believe in promises, and soon she won't. . . . Yes, darling, we'll have candy-striped paper for your room because your name is Candy; and you'll have a youth bed with a little step beside it:

you're already too big for one, but it was a promise. So some day . . . Yeah, when?

We're just putting it off for one more year. One more . . . maybe. Only there was a rumor that after six months the regiment would go to Jamaica. And if the war should go on—

Oh, no, she thought. No—no!

She leaned against the window, staring out at the garden. The future now stretched vague and shadowy, filled with danger and uncertainty and defeat. . . . I can't do it, she thought. If something should happen to the children—

"Well," she told herself wryly, "it certainly won't help them any to have their mother go to pieces. Of course you can do it. You can do anything you have to do."

She turned away from the window, and when she stepped into the kitchen she said lightly, "Except for those little items—"

And Candy at once began to laugh. "It'll be a wonderful trip—maybe."

Jan rinsed and stacked the dishes briskly. "Get ready for your nap, sweet," she said. "Aunt Rine's coming this afternoon."

"You mean Mo-rine," Candy said. "Maurine, then."

Candy stood in the doorway, slowly unbuttoning her dress, reluctant to go to her nap. "Is Maurine going to marry that Joe guy?" she asked.

"Your language is atrocious," Jan said, "and your curiosity's worse. She'll marry him if she wants to, and if she doesn't she won't. It's not our business."

"Why wouldn't she want to?" Candy asked, swinging one foot. "Doesn't she want to be happy like you?"

"Maybe she's happier," Jan said.

"How could anybody be happy," Candy asked, "without children?"

Jan laughed. "You little egoist." She kissed Candy lightly and gave her seat a pat. "I can't imagine," she said.

★ MAURINE stood at the great window, her head lifted. On her small pointed face that proud, rather lonely look that made her eyes so deep and dark, that made her stand out in any crowd, that made her, alone in this high room, seem in her natural setting.

Her green smock hung in a starched line down from her shoulders, its width emphasizing the straight line of the slim black skirt; her hands emerged from the buttoned cuffs slim, long, with an aloof capable independent look. Her silk black hair was shaped in soft waves close to her head, hung free at the shoulders.

Fog spread mystic gray outside the window, dipping down the hill, sweeping out over the bay, here and there parting to show the broad white side, the black funnel of a slow-moving ship.

Maurine's gaze turned from the window, moved around the room, touched her easel, her couch, her great desk. Then the rather sad wondering look passed from her face, and all the lines

of her body took on the briskness of decision.

Definitely no, Joe, she thought. It's definitely no. And with the decision a great relief filled her.

Jan Whitcomb had had this. Had lived in this very room. Had stood at this window. Only she said yes, Maurine thought, and now what has she got? Three other lives to consider, and because of them no life of her own. She got out occasionally, and you could see in her eyes a hunger for exciting talk of books, of exhibits, of plays, and of people who were writing and singing and painting; but you could see in her eyes, too, that Candy had an earache and Perky had a cold, that she had to get back to get dinner for Whit, that she had to stop at the cleaner's on the way. She was always the first to leave, and you could see she hated to go. There were always the children. There was always Whit.

Jan was just beginning to get back in again. The theater group wanted her. Marshall was trying to get her to do a radio skit. And now Whit was dragging her off again. It wasn't his fault, of course. He was as anxious as Maurine was to have Jan make use of her talents. But he had to have a wife; the children had to have a mother. . . . Well, I won't be either, Maurine thought.

She slipped the smock off quickly, put it on its hanger, took a street jacket down, and, with it and a felt hat transforming her, drew on her gloves.

And as she clicked down the stairs that she had gone up and down, up and down, in so many moods, she thought: Give it up? No, Joe. Definitely no. And she felt very young, independent, strong, free. Strange that for even a moment she could have thought of Joe's arms as anything but fetters. Strange that for even a moment she could have thought of saying yes.

★ AS Leone Bishop came up the steps of Jan Whitcomb's house, she could hear Perky's shrill squeals and then Candy's rush across the floor; a thump, a bang, and Perky's scream.

She could hear Candy's voice: "I didn't do it, mom. It was an accident!"

Miss Bishop sighed and waited for quiet before she tapped lightly on the door. She was a tall straight woman in her early fifties; her suit was mannish, the exact shade of her steel-gray hair. Poor Jan, she thought, standing on the porch, looking out across the street at her own neat little cottage. Poor girl! Isn't it awful. And all that talent wasted. Used up in kissing bumps, in smoothing out—

The door opened quickly and Jan appeared, holding a tearful Perky in her arms. "Oh, hello," she said, throwing the door wide. "How nice to see you!" And as Miss Bishop stepped inside she went on in that swift excited way that seemed natural to her since the children came: "I hope the screams didn't startle you. That's the normal

(Continued on page 52)

What Hitler Told

FOR four years I have been Hitler's prisoner in a concentration camp at Sachsenhausen, near Berlin.

I was put to work originally in the quarry, but later was assigned to lighter tasks because of my weakened physical condition, and now have plenty of time to think of my past life. I regret nothing. As leader of the German Confessional Church, I am proud to suffer behind bars for my religion, for Christianity, just as the Apostles did for their faith.

I am not allowed to receive any letters from abroad, nor am I permitted to mail anything to anybody.

I have authorized Dr. Leo Stein, who was interned here with me for eighteen months, to publish all this in my name.

I am aware that this publication will only make my situation worse, but I consider it my religious duty to tell the world the truth of Hitler's opinion of Christianity and what he aims to do about it the world over.

MARTIN NIEMOELLER

BY PASTOR MARTIN NIEMOELLER

as told to Dr. LEO STEIN

Former University of Berlin Law Professor

★ I HAVE met Adolf Hitler exactly three times in my life. I met him for the first time in January, 1931, at the Hotel Kaiserhof in Berlin, where seventy Protestant clergymen had gathered to be addressed by him in explanation of his Church program. He was quite late, but upon his arrival he was apologetic and particularly polite.

He nodded to all of us and said: "I have asked you to come here because I want to persuade you that I—just as much as you—am working for a moral reconstruction of the German people. Since the last war, Germany has been in need of more and better Christianity, more churches; and a stop must be put to the spread of atheism. What we need is a more profound inner faith in order to preserve ourselves as a people. I am a Catholic, but I am asking you to help me in my great task."

Hitler then asked us to propose ways and means of co-operating with him. He promised us that as soon as he obtained power, the Church would not only retain all its rights but would be entitled to greater support from the state, and would have control of the schools. In brief, there would be a better understanding between the government and the Church than had been the case in the Weimar Republic.

I must admit that we all had a very favorable impression from the

modest way in which Hitler spoke, and I knew that from that time on he could count on the support of the majority of the Protestant clergy in Germany.

Immediately after his speech, Hitler walked up to me and said, "I am pleased to see you here, Herr Kapitänlieutenant." "I am no longer an officer," I said. "I am a pastor now." "People like you," he exclaimed, "who went straight from the U-boat to the pulpit, are exactly what the new Germany needs! Christianity needs its heroes of the last war."

I was proud of his appreciation and really pinned all my hope on him. In the spring of 1932 I had my second

conversation with him. At that time we were certain that he would be the ruling power in Germany. I was charged by the United Protestant Church Association to ask Hitler certain definite questions in order to secure definite commitments. Present with him were Göring, Hess, and Rosenberg.

"I have come to you," I said, "because the Church frequently finds attacks directed against it in the Nazi papers, and because it is not always the Christian spirit that is found in the Hitler Youth and in the Storm Troopers. Furthermore, we find it hard to understand the many murders committed by these Storm Troopers."

"Murders?" Hitler shot back. "How can you say murders? What the Storm Troopers are doing is to purge Germany of the Communists and Marxists, of Jews and Liberals. This has nothing to do with murder. This is self-defense."

"I shall never permit a member of my church to be molested," I said indignantly.

Hitler suddenly became soft and placating. "Please, won't you see to it that they understand me? I have such an enormous task ahead, the work of my life. The masses cannot always be fed with bread and sugar; they also need the whip. I have to toil and work, to struggle and organize, to crush this republic which has nothing in store for Christianity be-

cause it's a Jew republic. When I am Chancellor and Führer, the Church will live again, and live freely. I shall re-establish the co-operation between the government and the Church, just as it used to be in the old Prussian state.

"The Church will play the major role in the educational school system. I am not yet in a position to conclude any contracts. However, to you, as an officer, I give my solemn word of honor that I shall carry out all my promises. These are election times. Propaganda may be excessive, shootings may occur; but I promise that the Church will be re-established with its rights."

I reported the results of my conversation to the Church Council, which considered everything satisfactory. But later events proved that we were as naïve as we were blind. Like the late Neville Chamberlain, I trusted Hitler, and he betrayed me just as he did the rest of the world which listened to his peace utterances.

At the time of the last conversation I had with him before I was arrested, persecution of the Church was at its peak. Crosses on the church towers had been replaced by golden swastikas; the Hitler Youth was educated in the spirit that not Jesus but Adolf Hitler was the true son of God. In the schools the Old Testament was decried as Jewish. Pogroms against the Jews were sweeping the country and our clergymen were being thrown into concentration camps. Gestapo officials were writing down our every speech and priests were arrested even in their pulpits.

In this, our hour of greatest despair, I asked for an audience with Hitler, and it was on January 5, 1934, that I had my memorable talk with him.

This time he was entirely different. I had to wait more than four hours at the Reich's Chancellery, and when he greeted me his manner was icy. "You desire to talk with me?" he began, standing like Napoleon with his arms crossed.

Two secretaries were sitting at a desk, taking down every word that was spoken.

"Yes, Mr. Chancellor," I replied; "I have come to you because I am worrying about the Church."

"What's the matter with your Church? Didn't I keep all my promises? Didn't I put the Reichsbishop Mueller in charge? What are you complaining about?"

"Never before," I said, "did we have Protestant bishops. Never was there any need for Church Ministries. You promised us equal rights, but

Me About Christianity



Pastor Niemöller, prisoner. "I was put to work originally in a quarry."

A remarkable, challenging revelation from a world-famous prisoner—words that may cause his death!

you have made us only an instrument of the Party."

"Why are you causing me such difficulties with this Confessional Church?" Hitler was becoming enraged and gesticulating. "Formerly the Prussian kings were the highest masters of the Church. Today I am a Prussian king for the people and for the Church, and you will have to accept that as a fact."

I felt a bit dizzy. He really had said, this former house painter's assistant, "Today I am a Prussian king."

"We don't want to cause you any difficulties, Mr. Chancellor," I explained, "but I am here as a representative of the Protestant faith. Your government has ordered measures that sooner or later will destroy our Church and the fundamentals of our faith. We can't stand by idly while the government gives such orders. Didn't you promise us freedom of the Church instead of its suppression?"

Now Hitler grew wild. He cried out like a madman, "You, as an officer, have learned to obey! You have to

obey! I alone determine what is and what is not Christian. I determine what the Church has to do. I and I alone am the Führer of this nation. The Lord has chosen me for this office and my people have called me."

"Not you, Herr Hitler, but the Lord is my leader," I replied. Only later did I learn that these words were responsible for his ordering my arrest. But at the moment I tried to be a bit conciliatory.

"It is also my concern about the Third Reich that made me come to you," I said.

He was still shouting. "You are concerned about the Third Reich? You had better leave that to me!"

"Then," I replied, "I'm very sorry I came to you."

This made him so furious that what he now uttered betrayed his whole hatred and his true intentions:

"I thought of making the German Church the most powerful in the world. I wanted to name German bishops in all the countries that I am going to conquer. I wanted a powerful Church. I wanted to unite all religions and churches under the spirit of National Socialism. I thought of putting officers like you in charge. But you are all Jew-infested. Your Christianity, after all, is nothing but a stepchild of Jewry grown soft and infested with these stupid humanitarian illusions."

"If the Christian Church wants to fight me, I shall annihilate it as I have crushed and will crush all my other enemies. I don't mind walking over corpses as long as I reach my goal. I need no Christianity. Whoever won't obey will be destroyed, and that goes for you too. You are a deserter, and you know that for desertion there is only one punishment—death."

"I have only deserted to Christianity," I said vigorously—"to my faith; and I am willing to take upon myself all the suffering it involves."

"You will regret it." These were Hitler's last words to me.

During the last four years of my imprisonment I have never had any cause for regret. As long as I have my cell where I can pray, I am still happier than Hitler, the promise-breaker and incorrigible liar, who hardly dares to go out alone for fear that a bullet might hit him from behind.

To the people the world over I send this message: **Keep the Faith.**

THE END

★ SOME men are born to be exercisers, others resters, and the elegant Mr. William Powell, who hasn't indulged in any form of unnecessary physical activity since he was a cheer leader in high school, belongs definitely in the second or slightly deferred classification.

Nevertheless, as a \$600,000-a-year star, he feels deeply his social responsibilities, and has built himself a sumptuous swimming pool, which he visits regularly each day for the sole purpose of giving it a long, piercing look.

While thus engaged one balmy winter's day—Florida papers please copy!—Thin Man Powell observed a not unpleasing scene. There, stretched out in the California sunlight, and in the most seductive poses that the Hays office would allow, lay the *crème de la crème* of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feminine pulchritude under the watchful chaperonage of a couple of very candid cameramen.

Bill was not surprised. "My back yard and swimming pool," he explains, "have been used so often by the publicity department that we call it Stage No. 4."

Neither was Bill likely to be especially intrigued. One who has had Carole Lombard for a wife and Jean Harlow for a fiancée may be presumed to be immune to displays of run-of-the-film feminine lushness. But suddenly, chemistry being what it is, Mr. Powell found, in the comely person of one of his back-yard beauties, good and sufficient reason for letting his look grow longer and more piercing than was its daily wont.

Young Miss Diana Lewis had caught the Thin Man eye, and filled it. In other words—to wit, the words of that well worn subtitle of silent movie days—love was born!

Three weeks later a very good friend of Bill was sitting in a certain beauty-shop torture chamber getting the works. The gentlemanly attendant had just encased her lovely features in what is known as a "mud pack" when the proprietor, approaching deferentially and removing the mud from the patient's left ear, whispered, "Miss Loy, long distance is calling."

Forgetting her disguise and the impediment it would be to an intelligible telephone conversation, Myrna leaned her good ear against the receiver, and heard an excited but vaguely familiar masculine voice shout, "I just got married!"

Myrna recovered quickly.

"At's whell," she mumbled.

"What did you say?" came the voice.

"I 'hink 'at's whell," repeated the Girl in the Muddy Mask.

"Must be the wrong party," muttered the voice, and its owner hung up without disclosing who was married to whom.

"Sagag," explained Myrna to the beautician, and went back to her baking.

What had happened immediately

after that first meeting in Bill's back yard—well, not exactly the first meeting; they had been introduced at a command studio luncheon for a visiting political fireman; but romance seldom blooms in such an atmosphere—neither Bill nor Diana has ever disclosed.

But they kept their heads sufficiently well to hide their secret from the searching eyes of the world's most prying community. Few of Bill's friends were aware that he knew the girl; none thought that the acquaintance was more than casual. Diana's young mates were equally in the dark. Even Mickey Rooney, said to be Bill's chief rival for the Lewis hand, learned of his defeat in the public press.

"I guess Mr. Powell was suaver than I was," he philosophized.

Suave? Bill was downright deceitful. Not to Diana, of course. But he certainly put one over on his friends.

While secretly courting Diana, he appeared at the première to end all premières, the opening night of *Gone with the Wind*, in the next seat to beauteous Loretta Young; he showed up at parties with Rosalind Russell and Lana Turner; and his attentions to his pre-Harlow flame, Ginger Rogers, again became so marked that one fan magazine had a story already in type describing the approaching Powell-Rogers nuptials.

Then came the telephone call to the beauty shop.

And even if Miss Loy's enunciation had been less muddled and she had been able to encourage her long-distance caller to disclose the name of his bride, it would have meant no more to her or, for that matter, to



What Love Has Done

Hollywood miracle! A lively look at the joyous aftermath of a surprise romance

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

most of his other pals than it did the next morning to the wide, wide world when headlines blared:

WILLIAM POWELL, 47, MARRIES
STARLET, 21

For, outside that strange subfreshman Hollywood world peopled by Mickey Rooneys, Jackie Coopers, Tommy Wunders, Johnny Downses, and comely oomphlets like herself, gay, witty Diana Lewis was as unfamed as her bridegroom was famed.

I mention Diana's unknownness not because it was anything against her, professionally or socially. On the first count, she had it "all over" most Hollywood feminine personalities, even the big stars, because she came of professional stock and made her first appearance on the stage at the age of two. Socially, however, among the Hollywood "knowns," to be unknown is comparable to having some unpleasant disease.

Consequently, without trying to find



No, it wasn't actor trouble that Bill had had. It was health trouble and woman trouble. They were somehow mixed up in Bill's life in a curious and distressing way. Seems, though, he was always in love or in the hospital, or both. You recall, don't you, the time he suddenly went temporarily blind? No one has ever been able to figure out why that happened. Supposedly informed circles in the cinema accepted as the most probable cause of Bill's trouble the theory that he had something serious the matter with his stomach.

Then came Jean Harlow's tragic death.

More even than the physical shock which had preceded it, this spiritual tragedy threatened to snap the life line of this sensitive, sentimental, essentially romantic man. Jean Harlow at twenty-six had been so alive, so stimulating, and, because of her nature and her experience, so gentle and kind and understanding, that she had been much more to William Powell than the girl with whom he was in love. When her young body lost in death its seemingly inexhaustible vitality, Bill Powell lost the staff on which unconsciously he had leaned.

He made one more picture. But neither he nor it was very good. Then, broken in health and spirit, he sailed away for surcease which his own restlessness denied him. Once more he was back in Hollywood making a picture—that old one about a baroness and a butler. Again the picture wasn't much, and neither was he.

Letting himself be persuaded into making these two ordinary pictures when he was mentally and physically

by his physician to be "very serious."

Few men live to read their own obituary notices, but Bill read his in the long faces of the friends who rushed to his hospital room to tell him how well he was and how well he looked. So impregnated was the whole movie town with the thought that its best loved figure was on his way out that each caller came away with the conviction that he had looked into those shining blue eyes and had listened to the crackling of that smart, amused, and amusing wit for the last time.

If ever a man was buried alive, it was Bill Powell!

But a trouper like Powell dies hard. Another Thin Man, long planned, often delayed, awaited his return. And he did return—this time almost from the grave.

The picture made a lot of money. The fillip provided by Bill Powell's miraculous return to the screen was enough to assure big box office everywhere. Myrna was at her best, too, as she always is with Bill. But Bill, somehow, was not so funny as he used to be.

Of course, we Powellites didn't admit anything of the kind. We laughed louder than ever at him, pulled harder than ever for him, told each other how wonderful he was, how fine it was to have him back—and then went home and wondered if he was back, if he would ever be back, the Bill we used to know.

Well, if you saw Love Crazy, you know the answer. Bill is back. The spring of youth is in his step, the glow of recovered health is in his cheeks, the sheen of happiness is in his eyes, and comedy—Bill's comedy, the suave, sophisticated comedy he does so well—drips from his expressive fingertips.

The real-life transformation is even more remarkable. Always a worrier, he was gradually becoming, under the strain of illness and sorrow, a first-rate hypochondriac. Today, you ask him how he is, and he flings back a gay "Never felt so well in my life!" And it is true. Love has made Bill Powell well and happy, not only the Bill Powell we used to know but a Bill Powell we never knew before—more charming, more utterly lovable because he is himself Love Crazy.

And the lady, the little unknown who was going to be so "bad" for Bill, she's happy too, and, in her smaller way, she deserves it quite as much as her husband.

Debuting in vaudeville at two, barnstorming as a child in an act with father, mother, brother, and two sisters—one of them, Maxine Lewis, the café songstress—dancing in choruses, singing in restaurants, knocking about studios waiting for her chance, Diana Lewis has had no easy life.

As an actress she may or may not take her place upon the screen—it is too early to tell about that—but as a woman she has already made her place in Hollywood hearts, because she and the love she has inspired have given back to the town its best loved man!

THE END

For William Powell

out anything about the kind of girl she was, the town decided that she would be very bad for Bill.

"Poor fellow," groaned the headshakers, "he's had trouble enough already!"

Bill had had trouble—of various sorts.

Not professional, of course. A fair amount of luck as well as a great amount of ability is required to stay on top in the movies for nearly two decades.

unfit to do his best work was very unlike the usual astute Bill Powell. It would never have happened if the experiences he had gone through had not turned the straight channels of his thinking into crooked, twisting bypaths which would have led nowhere but to confusion and ultimately to disaster.

The latter calamity seemed to have overtaken him when word got out that he was once more hospitalized for that series of operations admitted

★ PHILIP LAYDEN, a young American who has been printing an anti-Nazi pamphlet in Switzerland and smuggling it into occupied France, goes to Marseilles when his printing press is destroyed by German agents. He asks Georges Siblot, who is helping the Free French, for money for a new press, but Siblot has other plans. He takes Philip to see Paul Ravineau, a former premier who is in hiding in Marseilles, and, at Ravineau's request, Philip consents to work for the de Gaullists by posing as an Italian pianist and joining one of the troupes of entertainers that the Germans are sending into occupied territories. His work will be to help install radio sets that will be "England's eyes and ears on the Continent."

When he hears that he is to travel with an Italian woman singer, he immediately thinks of Mignon Gaudin, a young French girl who has killed a Nazi officer and whom he has helped escape into Switzerland. Why can't Mignon impersonate the woman, Maria Lantera, while he masquerades as the man, Bardi? Ravineau consents to see Mignon and consider the idea, since he knows that the real Lantera would much prefer to remain with Bardi, her lover.

Philip finds it hard to stop thinking of Lisa Abernathil, an Austrian refugee whom he met in Switzerland and with whom he is more than half in love. He can't help believing that she had something to do with the destruction of his press. He learns from Siblot that she is a Free French agent who has been planted in the Gestapo. Even so, he thinks, she may be betraying France. Her exit from Switzerland after the press was burned seems suspiciously sudden.

In the meantime, Lisa has gone to Berlin for new orders. Her superior, Herr von Seidtz, tells her that her next assignment will be in Bayreuth. He will accompany her, and she gathers that on this trip he intends to combine business with pleasure.

In Marseilles, Philip prepares to meet Mignon at the railway station. She is coming from Geneva, escorted by Simon Guery, an elderly man who has taken her a passport. As he is leaving, Siblot announces that it has been learned where they are to report for rehearsals in Germany: They are to present credentials to a Herr von Seidtz in Bayreuth.

PART FIVE—INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY

★ AT the station Philip had a shock. Before he could believe it, he waited, with increasing alarm, until the last passenger had gone. Then, in bewilderment, he had to accept it: Mignon Gaudin was not on the train. . . .

He asked a porter, "Is there another section?"

"Non, monsieur."

Philip searched the length of the

platform before he hurried off to telephone Georges Siblot. He had to be cautious in what he said. It was rumored that all telephone conversations were overheard by specially posted operators—Gestapo agents. And so, if you were wise, you seldom mentioned names; you never discussed politics; you never criticized the plight of France. . . .

"She's not here," he told Georges. "Did you get another telegram? Or call?"

Georges Siblot was dazed. The worry in his voice echoed Philip's. "Mais non."

Philip's fingertips nervously rubbed one another. "I'll wait here for the next one," he decided. "There's a local in two hours."

When he left the telephone, his mind groped for explanations. Could they, after sending the telegram, have missed the train? In that case, he told himself impatiently, they would have

the passengers from the local come out through the gate, there was still no trace of Mignon Gaudin or of Simon Guery. . . .

By this time Philip was definitely frightened. Mignon, he could never forget, was wanted by the Gestapo for the killing of a Nazi officer. If she had been taken from the train by the French police, perhaps because of some passport flaw, she would be held for investigation. Such a circumstance might readily lead to the establishing of her real identity. And in that case—

He didn't let himself think of it. His face grim, Philip hurried again to the telephone.

To his amazement—to his unutterable relief, too—Georges reported, "They've arrived!"

"When?" Philip asked.

"Fifteen minutes ago."

When he entered Siblot's apartment, breathless from running up the stairs, he found only Simon Guery there—a

Tomorrow

sent a second message. No; they had caught the train, all right. They might have left it to walk for a few moments at some stop; might have walked too far, and the train could have slipped away without them. . . . That too, Philip realized, was nonsense. Neither Simon Guery nor Mignon was such a fool.

In the end he found no explanation at all. He crossed the street from the station, sat on the terrace of a small café, and brushed an uneasy hand on his knee. When the waiter came, he tried, without much hope, to order something to eat. The *garçon* smiled apologetically.

"I regret, monsieur. We have no food to serve. A drink, perhaps?"

He ordered half a bottle of sweet wine and sat over it, watching the station clock. He was hungry; he realized he had been hungry ever since reaching Marseilles. The meals at Georges' apartment were never enough to satisfy you, though Georges managed now and then, by dint of discreet bribery, to smuggle in something unrationed.

It was useless to think of hunger. Philip tried to dull the feeling under a flow of sweet wine.

At eight o'clock, when he watched

"Philip—" Her voice was low. "As Rico Bardi you are—my lover."

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

portly man with a fine gray mustache and the jowls of a mastiff. Guery stood near the liquor table, resembling a Mr. Pickwick, and sipping from a glass of Georges' cognac.

"Mademoiselle left her regrets," he told Philip. "She had to leave. She was to see Ravineau by nine."

"But is she all right? What on earth happened?"

Guery drew in his lips a bit portentously. "We had an experience," he said. "A veritable experience. The home of your friend Guillaume Cri was under observation. I imagine all the relatives of the brothers Galatin are being watched by Nazis since the Galatin house was blown up."

Philip's hand caught the back of a chair, squeezed it until his knuckles stood out like yellow marbles.

"Were the Galatins hurt?" he asked, a little hoarse.

"No. *Grace à Dieu*, they were working in the fields when it happened.

A bomb. The house was demolished."

Reprisals, Philip thought bitterly. A German strafing. This was what Jules and Emile had to pay for their share in publishing *Pour la Liberté*.

"*Enfin*," Guery continued, "the Cri house was being watched. When I left there with Mademoiselle Gaudin, we didn't know we were being followed. We saw nothing. Not for hours. But on the train, between Vienne and Avignon, Mademoiselle Gaudin went out into the corridor. In another compartment she saw a thin fellow whom she had frequently observed from a window during her short stay at the Cri house. Naturally, we didn't want to lead him *here*."

Guery paused long enough to put the glass aside.

"So we got off the train at Aix," he said. "We went to a small *auberge* and took rooms for the night. The man followed us. He, too, took a room. I watched from my door. As soon as

he was in his room. Mademoiselle Gaudin and I slipped out. I intended to telegraph, but there was no time. A truck had stopped for petrol. The driver was on his way to Marseilles. I offered him two hundred francs to let us ride with him. As for the thin fellow at the *auberge*, I believe he is still in Aix, waiting for us to come from our rooms."

Philip knew a confusion of emotions as he dropped into a chair. He was, of course, relieved by the assurance that Mignon was safe. Yet the very fact that she had been followed into France left him apprehensive. And a kind of rage welled through him when he thought of what had happened to the Galatins. . . . Suddenly he looked up at Simon Guery.

"Did they bomb the shop of a Gustave Pagnol?"

"No; I heard nothing of that," said Guery.

Perhaps, Philip decided with that

Le March

A trick, a strange meeting—and peril! A stirring novel of secret war plunges into new adventure

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LA JALLE



same profound fury, Pagnol would be next. . . .

At ten o'clock he went into the kitchen with Simon Guery to see if there was any food. A piece of cheese was all they could find. They cut it in half and shared the half. It was hard and old, and to munch it was no pleasure. Still, it was the only thing edible the house contained—that and useless things like mustard, salt, spices, vinegar. . . . The vinegar, strangely, made Philip think for a second of Lisa Abernathil. Odd, how she sprang into his mind at the most unpredictable moments. He remembered how she had laughed when he had offered to season her salad in the garden of the Pension Beau Soleil. "Please, no vinegar, Philip! It makes me itch so. . . ." Almost angrily he wrenched her out of his thoughts.

"Tomorrow," Guery said softly, "there may be a little meat in Marseilles. The driver on the truck told me it was coming in—unless Vichy requisitions it for the Germans."

Philip didn't speak. Waiting for Mignon, waiting to hear the result of her interview with Paul Ravineau, he was restless.

At last, just before midnight, she and Siblot arrived.

Though she wore the old clothes of one of Jacques' daughters, there was nothing drab about Mignon. Her eyes shone; her small face was flushed.

"Philip!" At the sight of him she crossed the room quickly. She caught his shoulders, rose on her toes, and kissed his cheek. It bewildered him, left him confused; but he couldn't help smiling at her fervor.

"It's good to see you safe," he said.

She ignored that. She had to tell him of Ravineau. It was bursting from her. "He questioned me for hours, that one! About my family, my education, my feelings. About everything. He even made me sing for him."

"What is the result? Will you go to Germany?"

She told him, "I am going with you, Philip, yes! I am Maria Lantera!"

★ IN the automobile that carried her and Herr von Seidtz south from Berlin toward Bayreuth, Lisa Abernathil tried to appear calm. She tilted back her head, resting it on the brown upholstery, and shut her eyes. Herr von Seidtz took that moment to study her profile. Its perfection of line was something he found enchanting. He drew a deep breath, sent an oblique glance at the chauffeur sitting rigid beyond a pane of glass. Then he bent toward Lisa and kissed her lips.

She started violently. When she looked at Herr von Seidtz, her eyes wide, he was smiling.

He put a warm hand over hers. "You are irresistible, Lisa."

Despite the sudden twanging of her nerves, despite her revulsion, she knew she ought to be smiling too. Somehow she managed it. "You—you ought to give me warning," she protested.

Herr von Seidtz laughed. He drew her arm under his own, and continued to hold her hand. For a time they

drove in silence. Lisa knew—she could tell from the anticipatory pleasure in his eyes—that he was looking forward to this evening at the inn near Leipzig. . . .

They drove through a region of factories. From their tall chimneys rose great clouds of smoke, and all around them Lisa could see the activity of trucks, railroads, men. As she gazed from the car's window a curious expression crept over her face. Herr von Seidtz saw it. He misinterpreted its reason.

"It is inspiring, all that production, *nicht wahr?*"

"The destruction of Britain," Lisa murmured.

"*Nein. Of America.*"

She turned startled eyes to him. He



"You're gonna lose that bet, Hardtack—I can wear these blinders all day!"

was still smiling, gratified by her surprise.

"Do you know," he asked, "what it is we are making in those factories?"

"Why, shells, guns, perhaps airplanes—"

"No; nothing like that, Fräulein. Munitions we can get from the conquered countries. Why not? It is why we conquered them."

"And in these factories?"

"Automobiles, typewriters, sewing machines—we are making such things. The munitions of peace."

She seemed incredulous.

"It is so," Herr von Seidtz assured her with proprietary pride. "Germany's strength, under der Führer, lies in being several years ahead of all other nations. We are preparing for peace as we prepared for war."

There were strange visions in his eyes.

"When the war ends," he predicted, "America will find her great factories equipped to build planes, tanks, shells, cannon, ships. Things the world will not need then. Nor want. It will take years before America can turn back to making such things as automobiles and typewriters and sewing machines. But we? We, Fräulein, we shall be ready! We are ready now! The day peace comes, those factories will pour peacetime goods over the world. We

will be the first in the markets. And because we tolerate no such nonsense as labor unions to fix prices, we can undersell America everywhere. Easily. There can be no foreign trade for America against our competition. . . . That is why I say those factories represent the destruction of America, not of Britain. We do not need to fight America in a war to defeat her. We shall ruin America in peace."

★ THEY reached Leipzig just before twilight. The inn he had chosen for the night was several miles beyond—a small picturesque building on a hillside. An aged porter welcomed them when the car stopped; then the fat proprietor. They bowed before Herr von Seidtz as if the Führer himself had arrived. Von Seidtz gave them a curt nod.

Lisa discovered they were to share a single large room. She had hoped there would be a suite in which she could find a moment of privacy. But no. Just this one room, square, low-ceilinged, with six small latticed windows, blackened and heavily curtained against air raids; and a huge bed.

"Dinner will be ready whenever you wish it," the fat proprietor announced.

"I will ring."

Herr von Seidtz watched the porter set down the grips. When the man had gone, he closed the door. He lit a cigarette, then turned to smile at Lisa.

"It is *gemütlich* here, *nein?*"

"Very pleasant."

"But rustic. Simple. If you wish to wash, the bathroom is down the corridor."

She nodded. In the bathroom she would have the moment she needed alone. She put aside her hat, took her purse, and started for the door. But Herr von Seidtz stopped her. He pulled her close to himself, and his arms went around her.

"You are beautiful," he said. "You are exquisite, Lisa. You make a man forget the world."

Again he kissed her lips—this time a long, hard kiss.

Her stiffness puzzled him. It irritated him, too. When he released her, he asked, "What is it?"

"Nothing."

"You are not what one would call—warm."

"I—I'm tired from the ride."

"Ach, so. . . . Well, you will feel better after dinner. The food, I promise you, will be excellent. I ordered it by telephone."

She hurried to the bathroom, locked the door. For a few seconds she leaned against it, relaxing for the first time in hours. A faint shudder rippled through her.

When she felt steadier, she took a small red-leather case from her purse. An *étui de parfum* they had called it in Geneva, where she had bought it. The case contained small vials, each designed to hold a half ounce of perfume. One of them did contain perfume. It was one of the others, however, that Lisa lifted from its slot.

She put the vial to her lips and poured its contents into her mouth.

Its sour taste made her shiver. Three times today she had tasted it. Yet when she had put the empty vial back in its pocket, she drew a deep and gratified breath. . . .

Dinner, as Herr von Seidtz had promised, was excellent. A good soup, a goose, vegetables, Moselle wine. They had it in the privacy of their room. The waiter who served them had the tact to vanish.

It was while they ate that Lisa asked Herr von Seidtz what her assignment at Bayreuth was to be.

He explained that the Reich was sending theatrical troupes into the conquered regions. "They rehearse at the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth under excellent directors," he told her. "Then they are sent off on their trips. You, Lisa, are to be a member of such a troupe."

She was astonished. "I'm no actress—"

He said with a laugh, "On the contrary. You have rare talents."

"To do what?"

"To impress an audience with the beauty of German womanhood. Beauty is the best propaganda we can spread."

"But what am I to do? I don't sing or play—"

"In a variety troupe we always have one who introduces the others. That will be your part on the stage. . . . But off the stage you will have a more serious assignment."

For the first time since coming to the inn, Herr von Seidtz became earnest. He bent forward.

"There are to be Italians in this troupe. Several. We cannot trust foreigners—even Italians. It is essential that all be watched. Their activities must be reported in detail. That, Lisa, will be your real assignment."

She accepted it with a thoughtful nod.

"Aber jetzt," he said, cheerful again, "enough of such talk. If you're finished, I'll have these removed."

★ HE went to the bell. Lisa felt herself stiffening. This was the beginning of the crisis she dreaded. Yet, beyond a slight pallor, she gave no evidence of unease. She sat back in a deep chair, smoking a cigarette, while the waiter removed the dishes. Herr von Seidtz, leaning against the wall near the windows, admired the loveliness of her figure through smoke of his own. When the waiter was gone, he went about the room, to the lamps. In certain things he had the soul of a perfectionist. He dimmed the lights to the point he found most flattering to her and most conducive to a romantic atmosphere.

When at last he came to Lisa, smiling, he took her arms and drew her out of the chair. He lifted one of her hands, turned it, and kissed its palm. He did the same to the other hand. While his bald head was bent before her, Lisa held her breath. The touch of his lips sent a chill through her whole body.

Then he put an arm about her and

led her across the room. "I have been waiting for this moment," he said, "since you entered my office."

Lisa did not answer. She walked in an unnaturally straight way. Like that, Herr von Seidtz saw, she was all the more glorious. He took her into his arms suddenly, pressed her against himself.

She kept her head tilted back, away from him. Her lack of response did not trouble him; rather, it made him chuckle. His fingers rose and started to toy with the lobe of her ear, his gaze meanwhile fixed intently, burning, on her half-shut eyes. She stood rigid in his arm, her head drawn back.

Slowly, gently, yet with some indescribable sense of menace, Herr von Seidtz' fingers slipped down Lisa's neck, groped to the collar of her dress and pulled it to one side, baring the alluring curve of her shoulder. He lowered his head to press a kiss at the base of her neck—lowered it, then abruptly stopped. His gaze became incredulous. Despite the shaded lights, he could clearly see the mottling of red spots that disfigured her skin.

"What—what is that?"

"Once," she whispered, "another officer insisted he must have me."

★ VON SEIDTZ raised dazed eyes to her face. He stepped back from her. His face became gray.

Then anger came into his features. It came slowly, kindling a blaze in his eyes.

"Zum teufel!" His tones were hoarse. "Why—why didn't you tell me this before?"

"There are things one doesn't like to tell—unless telling becomes unavoidable."

"But a thing like this!"

"Did you expect me to undress in your office?"

Again Herr von Seidtz stared at her splotched skin. He was furious—furious in a way he could not express, with the fury of a man who has been cheated. When his hand clenched into a fist, she thought he was going to hit her.

But he turned away. Stiff as a soldier on parade, he crossed the room to jab at the bell.

When the porter knocked, Herr von Seidtz yanked the door open. "Another room!" he ordered. "Move my baggage!"

The astounded porter had the sense not to speak. When he was gone, von Seidtz turned, clicked his heels.

"Gute nacht, Fräulein!" He might have been addressing a prisoner. "We leave at eight tomorrow. Be ready!"

He went out, slamming the door behind him. Lisa Abernathil stood motionless. With deep anxiety she wondered if she had forfeited all the favor she had won with the Gestapo officer. Perhaps he would change his plans for her. . . . After a moment she felt unsteady. She had to sit on the edge of the bed. She thought of the vinegar she had drunk from the perfume vials. She had always been allergic to vinegar. Whenever she had

tasted any, it had caused that miserable rash to irritate her skin. For hours now she had been in agony.

★ THE Pension Columbine, near Berne, stood at the foot of a mountain whose crags were often lost in mist. It had a delightful garden with umbrella-shaded tables.

At one of the tables Philip Layden and Mignon Gaudin sat over a game of Russian bank. Occasionally he glanced beyond her, along the road which wound up into the mountains from Berne. Far below, two miles away, he could see Berne itself, with the River Aar forming its great U around the heart of the city and the Münster Tower rising out of its center.

The train from Milan was due at six, Philip knew. It would bring Maria Lantera and Rico Bardi. . . . He looked back at the cards.

"I have only one regret about this," Mignon whispered. "You will no longer be publishing *Pour la Liberté*. It will be missed, Philip."

"No, it won't. They've sent a young fellow named Corbin to re-establish it. I've told him how to get in touch with Carteau. The magazine will go on."

"It won't be the same."

"It will be better. Ravineau himself will write for it. . . . Drop it now. There's one of the guests settling on the veranda."

So they went on playing Russian bank.

At half past six a taxi chugged its way up from Berne. It stopped outside the garden fence, and Madame Hermine, the owner of the pension, at once hurried out—smiling, aglow with hospitality. The new guests were a dark-faced young Italian and a supple, black-haired woman whose quick eyes hinted of nervous animation.

Philip and Mignon did not stop their game. Outwardly they appeared to have no interest in the new visitors, even when they heard the man announce to Madame Hermine in Italian:

"I am Rico Bardi. This is Signorina Lantera. We telegraphed for rooms."

As they came up the garden path, Mignon, intent on the cards, hummed a few bars of Torno a Sorrento. That was one of Maria Lantera's favorites. The black-haired woman sent a quick glance at the two who sat at the table. Her expression did not change, but she knew now that nothing had gone wrong with the arrangements.

It wasn't until after dinner, when the twelve guests of the Pension Columbine came out on the veranda to watch the moon float among the Bernese Alps, that the two couples approached each other. They fell into casual conversation in Italian—the kind of trivial talk to which any one might have listened. They smoked and watched the moon; they were amiable in the manner of strangers.

But at half past ten, behind the closed door of Maria Lantera's room, all artificiality vanished.

Philip produced his passport and Mignon's to serve as their identification. Signorina Lantera and Rico Bardi offered their own Italian papers

in an exchange of their credentials.

Then Bardi, whose long hair and pale face made him look like a faded cinema idol, said, "We must be at the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth the day after tomorrow. You will have to leave here tomorrow, signore."

"And you?" Philip asked.

"We go to a small place near Interlaken. It is arranged."

★ LANTERA, always the actress, told them, with as many shadings of emotion as she would have poured into an aria, "I wished to do my part in Germany. I was prepared. But when Signor Ravineau offered me the choice of remaining here with Rico—*Dio*, I cried *mi piace, mi piace!* It was like a blessing from heaven. Rico is so sick. But I shall take care of him now. Ah, *si!* I will make him well. To you, signorina, I offer many thanks for the opportunity. *Mille grazie—*"

"*Di nulla*," Mignon murmured. "You were to bring biographical sketches for us to study—"

"*Si, si!*" Maria Lantera groped in an enormous black purse. Out of it she drew two sealed, well stuffed envelopes. "Here you will find everything necessary. Also a list of my songs. There are many in my repertory you should know, signorina—those for which audiences call."

"I was told about them in Marseilles," Mignon replied. "I've rehearsed them."

"Ah, *buono!*"

Suddenly Rico Bardi began to cough. It was a terrible spasm that suffused his face with scarlet. When it passed, he was breathless. He leaned back weakly in his chair.

"That," he said, turning a helpless look to Philip, "that is something you will have to learn, signore—to cough like this. It is horrible, but it is part of me."

Philip was clinical about it. "Do you cough while you're playing for Signorina Lantera?"

"No. It is strange, that, eh? When I play I think only of the music. I forget my lungs. I never cough when she sings. Never." The cough made him remember something else, and he became anxious. He straightened in his chair, unbuttoning his shirt at the chest. "See, signore, there is one most serious difficulty. I have here a mark of identification. From the Ethiopian campaign. See . . ."

He disclosed an inch-long scar in his chest.

Philip looked at it, then nodded. He unbuttoned his own shirt. Rico Bardi's eyes widened when he saw that in the center of Philip's chest, also, there was an inch-long scar.

"*Per Dio!*" he whispered. "But that is good—very good!"

"It was in your dossier at Marseilles. Siblot's doctor made an incision a week ago and sewed it up."

An hour later, with the pension silent for the night, Philip and Mignon sat together in her room, beside a reading lamp, and studied the biographical sketches. It was imperative that they be able to answer personal

questions. After three pages Mignon whispered, "*Ciel*, what a career I have had! The men, Philip, the men!"

He smiled, absorbed with his own account.

"She is twenty-eight," said Mignon.

"Can I pass as twenty-eight?"

"You'd have difficulty in passing as twenty-three. But you fit your own passport—that's the important thing."

Ravineau and Georges Siblot had seen to that. In the lining of their luggage they carried passports which contained their own pictures, descriptions applicable to their own personalities. The names under those pictures were Rico Bardi and Maria Lantera.

When she finished the fifth page of her document, Mignon sent a hesitant glance at Philip's face, beyond the lamp. She studied him awhile before she looked back at the paper.

"Philip—" The quality of her voice had changed; it was low.

"Yes?"

"As Rico Bardi you are—my lover."

"So I'm being informed here, too."

"I suppose the Germans know that, too."

"They probably know everything about Lantera and Bardi."

"Then—we shall have to play the part—"

Philip gave her a quick glance. "I guess we will," he said.

After a long pause she began again:

"Philip—" But when his eyes questioned her, she shook her head. "Nothing," she said. "Nothing. Let us finish reading these."

★ THE next day they entered Germany.

They sat alone in a compartment of the German train to which they had been transferred at the border, and Philip became aware of a new strain in himself. He could see in Mignon's small face that she also felt the change. She was unusually attractive in the clothes she had bought at Marseilles. A small chic hat. A trimly tailored blue traveling suit that accentuated the shapeliness of her slender figure. But she was pale. She was biting her lip.

Well, he thought grimly, *this is it. From now on, if anything goes wrong, we're through.*

They looked out of the window, watching green fields rush by; fields under tillage. There were few traces of war here, except that now and then the train passed lines of gray army lorries. And once, in a valley, Philip saw something that made him sit up, alert.

Bombers. Perhaps fifty of them drawn up in straight lines. Above them were bowers of artificially arranged foliage—a vast screen to conceal the planes from enemy reconnaissance flights. *If we had a short-wave radio post to send a report from here*, Philip thought, *those planes would be blasted to bits within a few hours.* The reflection lent renewed importance to his mission in the Nazi-occupied territories.

He tried to make a mental note of

the location of the hidden airport: so many minutes due north of the Swiss border; about half a mile east of the tracks. Possibly he would find a way of conveying that information. From now on, he realized, he must see everything. He must remember everything as clearly as possible. It was part of his task.

They reached Bayreuth in mid-afternoon.

Apparently they had been expected. A uniformed young Nazi was at the station to meet them, his arm raised in salute. He led them to the Kunstner Hof on Richard-Wagner-strasse, a small hotel at which, he explained, their troupe was to be quartered. He seemed proud of the city as he pointed out the old Stadt-Pfarkirche and Wagner's grave; his punctilious German made no concession to the fact that they were foreigners who probably couldn't understand half of what he was saying.

"At five o'clock," he said, "you are to report to Herr von Seidtz at the Festspielhaus."

"*Prega*," murmured Philip. "Where is this Festspielhaus?"

The trooper pointed to the theater some two kilometers above the city, on a hill—magnificent as a cathedral—which had been dedicated to the music of Wagner.

"Ah, *si*," said Philip. "*Grazia*."

They reached it promptly at five. Mignon clung tightly to his arm as if in need of his support. Ten minutes later they were led into a wood-paneled office.

Behind a desk that had once been used by Richard Wagner, sat Herr von Seidtz. At his shoulder stood a plump man with remarkably bright eyes and a circle of white hair around a pink pate. He came around the desk, smiling.

"Signorina Lantera!" He kissed her fingertips. His greeting could not have been more gracious to a great diva. To Philip he gave a brisk bow. "I am Sigmund Werther, the director of your troupe. I present you to Herr von Seidtz, our supervisor."

★ VON SEIDTZ, who was in bad humor, wasted no time on cordiality. He inspected their passports; he asked innumerable questions about their musical careers—questions which, fortunately, they could answer. Philip often interrupted the catechism with his cough, and this earned irascible glances from von Seidtz.

When the questioning was completed, Sigmund Werther told them, "You will not require much rehearsal. This is a variety troupe. Dancers, musicians, comedians, a juggler. You all have your specialties. You have only to be put together. We shall start the trip within a few days. . . . I shall wish to hear you sing tomorrow morning, signorina. Did you bring your repertory?"

From her purse Mignon took the list of songs she had compiled before leaving the Pension Columbine. Many of them, particularly the Neapolitan

(Continued on page 59)

★ IT was payday in the Potter Advertising Agency. J. Abernathy Jones scrutinized his check through thick-lensed glasses before depositing it reverently in his shabby pin-seal wallet. Fifty-five dollars! He sighed . . . happily. True, it wasn't a great deal, but the amount of work he did these days hardly warranted even that modest salary. J. Abernathy, in his weak moments—and they came around every payday—had visions of a sharp reduction—or worse. He sighed . . . unhappily.

Five years ago he had made what at the time he regarded as a master move. He had asked to be transferred from the Production Department, where advancement was certain but modest, to Radio. The new job brought with it neither increase in prestige nor salary, but J. Abernathy's logical mind found ample reason for the switch. The time buyer in Radio, reputed to have a weak heart, was getting along in years. Any day the old gent was liable to pass out of the picture. A likely young fellow—and as such J. Abernathy fondly pictured himself—could step in and up.

So in his few spare moments J. Abernathy settled down to the serious business of "understudying" Jeff Hinckel. But business in Radio gradually went into a slump, and J. Abernathy's work had narrowed down to a thin trickle of odd jobs. In the past six months he had thought it the part of wisdom to keep his office door closed, lest some one observe how little actual effort went into the earning of that weekly pay check.

Lately, however, there was a very definite reason why J. Abernathy trembled in his boots on payday. For some time there had been vague rumors that the agency's biggest radio account was in danger of toppling from its pinnacle. J. Abernathy grew positively dizzy at the mere thought of such a calamity. For if Paradise Toiletries, Inc., went out the door, so, he feared, would he!

Months ago, after enthusiastic participation in a whisky test for purposes of agency research, J. Abernathy's loosened tongue had confided his secret hopes and ambitions to a fellow imbibor. Gus Carmody, high priest of Personnel, had promised to put in a good word for J. Abernathy when the time came. When the time came, indeed! Why, right this very minute Jeff Hinckel was on vacation, renewing his frayed physical forces! J. Abernathy clenched his fists in furious resentment at the thought.

He got up and walked down the corridor to get a drink of water.

One of the mail boys with whom he had a speaking acquaintance raced past. "Heard the bad news?" he threw over his shoulder as he disappeared in a cloud of letters and dust.

Bad news! J. Abernathy's heart did a tail spin. He whirled round and made for his office. Paradise Toiletries, Inc., beat a mournful tattoo on

A Likely Young Fellow



BY ANNE LINN

his brain. He sank weakly into his seat. Suddenly the jangle of the telephone broke into his jumbled thoughts. J. Abernathy leaped up as though he had been shot. His hand reached for the phone. It was Mr. McKnight, Executive Vice-President in Charge of Radio.

"Come up to my office in a half hour, Jones," he ordered, "and bring with you a list of your present duties with the company, please."

With the click of the receiver at the other end, the ceiling promptly fell down and hit J. Abernathy smack on the head. Here it was at long last . . . the executioner's ax ready to amputate his weekly pay check!

"A list . . . a list!" J. Abernathy mumbled as he plowed listlessly through the paper props on his desk. Then suddenly that logical mind sprang into action. Nobody knew exactly what he did—nobody had troubled to find out till now. They wanted a list, did they? Well, all right—he'd give them one! He'd pad his own duties. He'd borrow a little here and a little there from those of others. What if they did check up—what could they do? Fire him? Unless

he could convince them that he had a legitimate claim to a place on the payroll, he was through anyway! J. Abernathy Jones, with nary a backward glance at his cringing conscience, went to work like a man inspired.

Twenty-nine minutes later J. Abernathy's unsteady right hand extended to Mr. Andrew McKnight, Executive Vice-President in Charge of Radio, a sheet of paper as black with his daily doings as his conscience.

"What have we here?" demanded Mr. McKnight, Executive Vice-President in Charge of Radio, knowing full well what he had there. He proceeded to study the paper while J. Abernathy studied his face.

A sharp "Hmph!" periodically punctuated the silence. But from the ecstatic look on his face, it was evident that Mr. McKnight, Exec. V.-P. in Charge of Radio, was favorably impressed.

"Well, I should say you're a pretty busy man, Jones—yes, sir, a pretty—busy—man," he emphasized, eying J. Abernathy with the respect that was evidently such a busy man's due.

"Oh, I—I only do a fair day's work," J. Abernathy croaked modestly.

Respect yielded to admiration on the face of the Exec. V.-P. in C. of R. "A pretty job of understatement!" he boomed.

J. Abernathy Jones smiled deprecatingly.

"Well, keep up the good work, Jones," beamed the E. V.-P. in C. of R. And a cordial nod of dismissal brought the interview to a close.

In the corridor J. Abernathy's lungs quickly made up for lost time in the matter of air. A look of beatific serenity crept over his face. No doubt about it—the old gent had been definitely impressed! There might be hackings at the payroll but the ax had passed him by—of that he was certain. Now all he had to do was hang on till the day when Jeff Hinckel's heart gave out—as it was bound to do eventually. Some day . . . some day. . . .

"Carmody," bellowed Mr. Andrew McKnight, Executive Vice-President in Charge of Radio, over the inter-office phone a moment later, "we can't put Jones in that job: . . . What? . . . So he knows the work—but, man alive, the fellow's so wound up in a million and one details now, it would take at least a month to break somebody in for his job, and we can't spare the time. Fill it through an agency. Somebody with plenty of the right experience and young enough so there's no danger of his suddenly keeling over from hardening of the arteries, like poor old Hinckel did last night. Sorry about Jones, though—seems a likely young fellow."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

In twelve short months of broadcasting, a new program with a new comedy idea has caught the ear of the radio public. With the invaluable aid of boisterous John Barrymore, Rudy Vallee finds himself a new kind of radio entertainer, heard every Thursday evening on an NBC coast-to-coast network. A few weeks ago Lionel Barrymore joined brother John and Rudy. Liberty presents herewith that special Vallee script:

★ RUDY: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Rudy Vallee welcoming you to another Sealtest Program. Tonight our sky is indeed bright with starlight, for here I stand between two Barrymores, our own delightfully bombastic John, and his big brother, M-G-M's Lion-hearted Lionel.

LIONEL: Well, Rudy, now that I'm here, what do you want me to do? What's this radio show of yours all about?

RUDY: Why, there's nothing puzzling about it. I sing a few songs—

LIONEL: I can figure that out.

RUDY: There's music by the orchestra—

LIONEL: You mean your desire to sing?

JOHN: That should be suppressed!

RUDY: Lionel, when I was a little boy I wanted nothing more than to form a troupe of traveling actors. You know—a tent show.

JOHN: Funny thing, Rudy. When Lionel and I were kids we tried to do the same thing.

RUDY: What did you call your act—Lionel and John?

JOHN: No, we went under the title of Stinky and Company.

LIONEL: Yes; even in those days John got top billing!

RUDY: So, gentlemen, tonight we're going to do a play about a troupe of traveling actors stranded and broke in a small town.

Orchestra—Music—Curtain

ANNOUNCER: In the happy homey little town of Zilchburg, Iowa, we find those two impoverished impresarios of the hayloft circuit, Lionel and John Barrymore, in their tent—bemoaning their horrible fate.

LIONEL: John, it's all your fault we're stranded in this town. You're no manager! You're no producer!

LIONEL: Fine, fine. . . . How much?

RUDY: A hundred dollars. My friend has to give his friend fifty.

JOHN: Who's his friend?

RUDY: Me!

LIONEL: Listen, you bucolic chiseler. Before we pay you a fifty-dollar bribe, we'll go and talk to the judge.

RUDY: 'Twon't do ya no good. The judge in this town is the lowest and crookedest rat in Zilchburg County.

LIONEL: Who is he?

RUDY: ME! Now pay up or I'll close your show.

LIONEL: You mean—

RUDY: Yep—kinda hate to do it . . . always liked actors . . . even had a hankerin' to do a little actin' myself!

JOHN: You wanted to be . . . wait a minute! Son, this is your lucky day! . . . Take the straw out of your hand—

some profile and repeat these immortal ten words after me: "To be, or not to be: that is the question."

RUDY: To be, or not to be: that is the question.

JOHN: Well, what do you think, Lionel?

LIONEL: I think he's terrific!

RUDY: Gosh-a-jiminy—hey—me an

Rudy and the Barrymores — *their Horrible*

LIONEL: And I can figure that out.

RUDY: And, of course, there's John Barrymore—

LIONEL: That's the one that stumps me!

JOHN: Hold on there, me critical cricket. Is that a way to talk after all the years we have addressed each other only in terms of affection and brotherhood?

LIONEL: Brotherhood! John, the only words of brotherhood you've addressed to me in the last ten years are "Brother, can you spare a dime?"

JOHN: Now see here, me moss-backed Mickey Rooney . . .

RUDY: Lionel! John! This is childish!

LIONEL: I'm sorry, Rudy. It's made a bitter man of me—having to spend the best centuries of my life in the shadow of my baby brother's photogenic profile.

RUDY: But, Lionel, John's is an amazing profile. Have you ever taken the trouble to look at his face carefully?

LIONEL: No, Rudy, I haven't! John, turn your head a bit, will you, so I can see your face?

JOHN: Certainly, my dear Lionel. How's this?

LIONEL: Turn it a little more—I can still see it. . . .

RUDY: Gentlemen, let's not forget that we're here to do a play tonight. . . . This little play is based upon one of my suppressed desires.

JOHN: Next thing I know, you'll tell me I'm no actor!

LIONEL: Actor! Why, you couldn't play a meat ball in The Way of All Flesh!

SOUND: Door opens.

RUDY: Mornin', gents! Howdy! Howdy! Be you the Barnstorming Barrymore Brothers?

JOHN: We be, my nasal hayseed.

RUDY: Wal, by the powers invested in me as sheriff of this county, I accuse you of res ipsa loquitur, nisi bonum, caveat emptor, habeas corpuscle, and aurora borealis.

JOHN: Meaning what?

RUDY: You're pinched. You parked your tent next to a fireplug.

JOHN: Son, did you say you were the sheriff of this town?

RUDY: Yep, that's me. Rudy Vallee, sheriff of Zilchburg, Iowa. Also postmaster, mayor, fire chief, coroner and dogcatcher, also notary public.

LIONEL: Wait a minute, my legal beagle. What's the fine for parking in front of the fireplug in this town?

RUDY: Fifty dollars; but I got a friend who can fix it up for you real cheap.

actor! Well—hand me a hoe and call me a rake!

LIONEL: Then, my boy, you'll let us put on our tent show tomorrow?

RUDY: Can't do that! It's against the law! But if you let me act in your dramee, I'll let you put on your show in my own barn!

JOHN: In your barn? A splendid idea. It's a deal.

RUDY: Well, first I got to talk it over with my gal Rosemary. See ya later, fellas.

JOHN: Ah, think of it, Lionel. A Barrymore production in a barn! That's it! Summer stock!

LIONEL: Ah, yes, John. It has a certain air about it!

JOHN: Most barns dō.

LIONEL: So do most Barrymore productions.

ANNOUNCER: As a new dawn breaks over Zilchburg—we find troupers John and Lionel Barrymore, the morning of the production, asleep in Sheriff Vallee's barn.

LIONEL: John, John, wake up! Turn over! Stop snoring. It sounds like I'm sleeping next to a horse!

SOUND: Horse neighs violently.

Left to right: John, the
 mike, and Lionel. Below
 them: The sheriff—Rudy.



A FOUR-STAR BROADCAST

LIONEL: By golly—it *was* a horse!
 (Calls) John! Where are you?

JOHN: Over here—in stall number
 four.

LIONEL: You mean you slept all
 night in a stall?

JOHN: I didn't mind sleeping in the
 stall, but this morning about four
 thirty a farmer came in—threw a
 harness on me—and before I could
 stop him we plowed four acres!

SOUND: Barn door opens.

RUDY: Well—good mornin', fellers.
 Say, did you sleep in that stall?

JOHN: Yes; why?

RUDY: That's where the settin' hen
 has her eggs!

LIONEL: John! You've been sleeping
 on that hen's nest all night! Stand up!

SOUND: Little chicks cheeping.

JOHN: Gadzooks! Lionel! Methinks
 I'm a mother.

LIONEL: Say, we'd better get ready.
 Vallee, did you take care of the pub-
 licity and advertising?

RUDY: Yep. I got one of my horses
 gallopin' around the town with "Lio-
 nel Barrymore" painted on one side
 of him and "Vallee's Barn" painted
 on the other side!

JOHN: Where did you put *my* name?
 RUDY: Oh—you got prominent bill-
 ing!

ROSEMARY (off mike): Oh, Rudeeeee
 —Rudy—Oh, there you are!

RUDY: Here I am—talking to my
 brother actors, the Barrymore boys.

ROSEMARY: Oh, be they the Barry-
 more boys?

RUDY: Yep. This here one's Lionel
 —and this one's John.

ROSEMARY: So you're John Barry-
 more! My! You're so young-looking!

JOHN: Thank you.

ROSEMARY: To have a son as old as
 Lionel! . . .

Orchestra—Music Bridge

ANNOUNCER (barking): Step right
 this way, folks—see the Barrymore
 Brothers. In Sheriff Vallee's barn.

LIONEL: Program! Get a program!
 You can't tell an actor from a cow
 without a program!

RUDY: Hey! Come on, fellers! It's
 time to start—the barn is jam-packed!

JOHN: Come on, Lionel—we've
 played in stock before, but this is the
 first time we've played in livestock!
 . . . He jests at scars that never
 felt a wound. But, soft! what light

through yonder window breaks?
 (Calf moo) It is the east, (moo) and
 Juliet is the sun! (Calf moo)

LIONEL: Those cows are getting
 critical.

JOHN: Ah, Juliet—fair Juliet—speak
 to me. Let me hear thy lovely voice!
 Thy voice like milk and honey!

SOUND: Cow moos.

JOHN: Well—like milk, anyway!
 . . . I'll try once more. Juliet! Moo
 to me—I mean, speak to me!

SOUND: Baaaaaaaa of goat.

JOHN: Baah yourself!! I quit!
 Ring down the curtain! . . . Sheriff
 Vallee, give us our share of the gate
 receipts and we'll clear out!

RUDY: O. K. I got your receipts
 right here, inside this room—

SOUND: Squealing of pigs.

JOHN (screams): What are those?

RUDY: Why, you see, here in the
 country we use pigs for money. Each
 one of them pigs is good for two hams,
 and hams is bringin' seventy-five
 cents on the market!

LIONEL: Come along, John.

JOHN: Where are you taking me?

LIONEL: To market, brother!

THE END

Thyssen's memoirs confirm the story that at one time it was Göring who decided "who is a Jew and who is not." In Air Marshal Milch's case it had to be further decided that his non-Jewish mother had conceived him out of wedlock. In Hitler's own case something very different would be necessary if Thyssen is right in his inference from the fact that Hitler's grandmother conceived her illegitimate son, his father, while she was a servant in a home of Jews—the Rothschilds!—in Vienna. Thyssen says the Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss dug this fact out of police records, and thinks Dollfuss' inquiry may have had some connection with his murder by Austrian Nazis and with the imprisonment of his successor, Schuschnigg, by Hitler himself.

Of Hitler's early pact with the Vatican, which was so soon to be followed by a Nazi persecution of Catholics, Thyssen's opinion is that the double-dealing Hitler merely wanted to make his regime look respectable.

Once again Thyssen insisted in *Liberty* last week that war has but postponed a bankruptcy of Germany by Nazism. He now cites some typical workings of the Nazi "economic system." It is to be borne in mind that he was writing in the first half of 1940, before the Nazis really began to make their conquests pay, for the time being, by systematically confiscating the resources of conquered countries and enslaving their peoples.

Why did Hitler, as soon as he came to power, make up his mind to build a network of gigantic highways? There were few automobiles in Germany, and in any case the existing roads were sufficient almost everywhere. I suggested at the time that all German railways be electrified. The advantages in doing that were indisputable.

After All, a Super-Napoleon Owes Himself Highways

But Hitler, without ever admitting it, is inspired by Napoleon's example. He desires people to speak of "Adolf Hitler's highways" as they speak of Napoleon's roads. These highways are certainly important in facilitating rapid long-distance communication. Some of them are splendid roads for tourists. Others even satisfy economic needs. But the network constructed or projected in the course of the prewar years cannot seriously be justified. Travelers who drove over the German highways before the war could see that they were more than adequate for the volume of automobile traffic. With a few excep-

may guide enemy aviation much better than winding rivers and streams. Moreover, a single bridge, if destroyed by enemy bombers, can obstruct the road for hundreds of miles, because the connections with the rest of the system are few and often badly devised.

In the building of highways, as in everything he does, Hitler did not proceed according to a plan. He wanted to create immediately something that would appeal to the public's imagination.

How He Took the Workers for a Ride in the "People's Car"

The construction of highways was obviously one of his hobbies. He announced his program as early as May 1, 1933, on the first National Socialist Labor Day, adding that he would crush all opposition to it. Two months later he forced the government to begin work. Those among the supporters of the party who were penniless and starving immediately began to object in secret. "They build roads for the rich," they said. "It's the rich who own the cars. Workers will never

I PAID HITLER'S WAY TO POWER

★ HITLER and the Nazi leaders boast that they have freed the German people from misery by rebuilding Germany's economy and by creating work for all. The truth is, this so-called economic recovery of the Nazi regime is but a blind. In truth, Hitler has created no wealth. He has exhausted all the resources of Germany. He has squandered the taxes and stolen the savings of the people. The entire economic structure of the regime is crumbling today under the strain of war. In truth, Hitler resorted to war because he realized, despite his ignorance, that before long his economic methods would lead to inflation and the total ruin of the country.

I was a close observer of all the efforts the Nazis made in the field of economics. Never have I had the impression that the leaders had a plan, nor even that they were animated by a cautious opportunism. On the contrary, it was obvious that they sought to obtain immediate results for propaganda purposes. Their ideas were sometimes grandiose, but almost always incoherent. In fact, all the economic ideas of the regime went no further than the building of motor highways, sumptuous architectural projects, and rearmament.

How Hitler Ruined *German* Economy

tions, it would have been less expensive to rebuild the then existing network of roads. This would probably have cost one or two billion marks instead of the eight billion spent for "Adolf Hitler's highways."

The first highway built was a tourists' road from Munich to the Austrian frontier. This was the "Road of the Führer"—built specially for him. Then the highway from Berlin to Munich was built, in great haste. The engineer in charge of the construction, anxious to win the Führer's favor, was impatient to see him proceed directly from Berchtesgaden to Berlin without leaving the new highway. But far less impatience was shown in the construction of the highway that was to link the industrial cities of the Ruhr, or the arterial road from Hamburg to Berlin. Indeed, even military needs were neglected. For instance, there are no highways west of the Rhine. A road to Aix-la-Chapelle had only just been begun when the war broke out. On the other hand, the military leaders have always been skeptical about the military value of highways. They

benefit by highways." In fact, the highways have been useful mainly to party leaders, who all own luxurious cars.

In order to allay discontent, Hitler conceived a new idea: Every German shall own a car. He asked industry to devise a popular car model to be built at such a low price that millions could buy it. The *Volkswagen* (People's Car) has been talked of for the past five years. "These cars will be built for the new highways," said the party propagandists. "An entire family will be able to ride in one of them at 100 kilometers [sixty miles] an hour. It is the Führer's car for the Führer's roads." The party leaders say that the highways were built for the People's Car. But the People's Car is one of the most bizarre ideas the Nazis ever had. Germany is not the United States. Wages are low. Gasoline is expensive. German workers never dreamed of buying a car. They could not afford the upkeep. And if the Nazis' pretentious dream had come true, where would all the gas have come from?



excess of the city budget had to be found.

Hitler is constantly afraid of not seeing things in large enough proportions. "Pyramids" are an obsession with him. He plans his highways for centuries to come. At Nuremberg he built a congress auditorium to hold several hundred thousand people. He tore down half Berlin to reconstruct it. Money did not count. And unhappy Dr. Schacht had to torture his brain to find a way of financing these unproductive projects. After exhausting himself in protesting, he eventually resigned his office. Yet he must bear part of the responsibility. It was he who at the beginning of the new regime showed the Nazis how to "create" credit.

"Here a Super-Washington Bridge Shall Be Built!"

One of Hitler's most incredible projects is the construction of a giant bridge in Hamburg. He has seen photographs of the George Washington Bridge in New York and dreams of having just as imposing a structure in Germany. One day, accompanied by a large staff of Nazi dignitaries, he walked along the banks of the Elbe. Suddenly he stopped and declared: "Here the bridge shall be built!" The project was submitted to experts. It would have necessitated the laying of foundations about 1,000 feet deep, because of the bad terrain. Moreover, the bridge would have obstructed the port. Military experts declared that if it should collapse, under an air bombardment for instance, the consequences would be disastrous. The cost would have exceeded one billion marks. But the Führer had made up his mind, and of course he can never err. If war had not intervened, this absurd structure would have been begun. To join the two banks of the Elbe, a tunnel should be dug. The Nazis, however, dislike underground construction, probably because there they cannot be seen.

That Four-Year Plan of Hitler's, to Accomplish—Just What?

The pet enterprise of the regime is the famous Four-Year Plan. I have always wondered why it was called a "plan." Government regulation of commerce and industry in Germany has led to total state control. Hitler has picked up the Russian idea of the Five-Year Plan. But the Russians desired to create large-scale industrial production in a country where it was as yet nonexistent. Hitler's Four-Year Plan has no aim except its demagogical effect. All the incoherent enterprises under the head of the so-called Four-Year Plan are as little the fruit of a logical concept and a preconceived plan as the highways or the People's Car. When Hitler announced the Four-Year Plan at Nuremberg, German industrialists were greatly surprised. He had consulted nobody, and no one knew what he meant.

Highways, uniforms, rearmament,

Squandered taxes, stolen savings—Here's the whole story, told for the first time

Highway construction is one of Hitler's hobbies. Göring says, "Build!" and the factory must be built.

BY FRITZ THYSSEN

However, the People's Car has never seen daylight. Dr. Ley pocketed millions of marks' worth of advance subscriptions; then the war came, and there was more important business than manufacturing the People's Car.

Hitler is totally ignorant of economics. He lets himself be taken in by notions which do not make the slightest sense. One day, the great "economist" of the party, Bernard Koehler, grandiloquently pronounced in his presence that "labor is capital." This signifies absolutely nothing. Yet Hitler has repeated this nonsense, variously paraphrased, in at least twenty speeches. An unfortunate consequence was that the slogan was put into practice and people in Germany began to do just anything, since "labor was capital"!

Forty Centuries Will Look Down upon Nazism, Too—Who Won't?

One day Dr. Schacht, weary of all the futile and costly agitation of the party economists, declared publicly that it was absurd from the economic standpoint to "build pyramids" in order to occupy the unemployed. Everybody understood what he meant. His criticism created a sensation. Hitler felt personally attacked, and in his May Day speech he cried: "The men who, several thousands of years

ago, imposed upon their people the task of building pyramids knew well what they wanted. By accomplishing that gigantic monument, they wrote four thousand years of history." This was a paraphrase of Bonaparte's address to the soldiers of his Egyptian army: "From the summits of the pyramids forty centuries look down upon you." But Hitler takes himself to be a Pharaoh also.

All those empty formulae of the "labor is capital" type have contributed to the ruin of German economy. As they were ceaselessly repeated, people who might have been considered sensible ended up by believing them too. During a trip to Brazil, even Ambassador Ritter said to me, "Labor is capital." I was dumfounded, for he had been for years the head of the economic section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. How could he endorse such nonsense?

The effect of it proved disastrous. Everybody began to build, in order to do something. In Düsseldorf, of three high Nazi officials, one wanted to build a large assembly hall accommodating 20,000 people; another, a city hall; the third, a theater. Of the three projects, the building of a city hall was the most sensible, as it was justified to a certain extent. Hitler decided the matter. He ordered a theater built. Ten million marks in

large-scale building enterprises, and the leaders' personal extravagance caused vast expenditures. German exports did not suffice to afford the import of the necessary supplies. German exports decreased. They did not bring in sufficient foreign exchange to provide food for the German people and raw materials for industry. "This shall not embarrass us," Hitler said to himself. "Germany shall produce all she needs. She has scientists, technicians, inventors. It is a question of will power, intelligence, and energy. The Nazi regime will overcome all difficulties." And he commissioned Göring to carry out the plan.

Economics? Pfu! Göring Gives an Order, and That's That

Göring knows nothing about economic problems. He is the first to admit it. But he has recipes which he thinks infallible. The first of these is to give an order. He says: "Build a factory that produces a hundred thousand tons of gas per year!" And the factory must be built. Suddenly he declares: "Production must be doubled!" And he thinks the will to double it is enough.

His great idea was to make Germany independent of the outside world with regard to iron ore. There are only a few iron mines in Germany, and the ore is of inferior quality. Almost all the ore needed for the metal industries has to be imported from abroad. One day the Nazi "experts" declared: "There is plenty of iron ore in Germany, but the industrialists do not want to mine it." They pretended to have discovered considerable deposits at Salzgitter, at the foot of the Harz Mountains, and others in the State of Baden and elsewhere. The fact was that all those deposits were already known. Best known was the one at Salzgitter. The ore is rather rich, but it contains large quantities of silicon, and it is not magnetic. If iron mining is to be profitable, the ore must be magnetic ore. It has to be crushed and the iron particles are extracted by means of an electric magnet.

How the Goring Works Came to Be Built Where They Are—

The Salzgitter ore had belonged to the Prussian state, which had sold it during the previous year. Suddenly Göring became interested in it again, and miracles had to be performed. Mr. C—, a German-American engineer, was consulted. He declared that this was a splendid opportunity and that a large factory should be built. A party representative, one Pleiger, began to attack industry, which he said, had not been willing to do anything. Today he is the director general of the Hermann Göring Works—for this is the name given to the new enterprise.

After consulting the party men, Göring gave the order to build at Salzgitter the largest metalworks in the world. Mr. C— was to carry out

the order. To him it meant a good piece of business. The German metallurgists had not been consulted—no doubt because they knew too much. Now, however, they were invited to take part in the enterprise. They told Göring they thought the ore was no good, but they nevertheless agreed to exploit it. If Mr. C—'s statements were correct, they said, they would build blast furnaces and a metal plant at Salzgitter.

This would have cost about half a billion marks. The most important industrialists joined in drawing up a memorandum which they intended to address to Göring. He knew of this intention. At the moment when the memorandum was to be signed, he telegraphed to two of the firms concerned that he considered all opposition to his project (and consequently the signing of the memorandum) to be an attempt at sabotage against Germany's iron supply, which was an act of treason. Naturally, nobody signed. The plant was built with the participation of the main metallurgic enterprises of Germany: Krupp, Kloeckner, the United Steel Works, Mannesmann, etc.

There was no way out. Göring had given the order.

—and How They Turned Out to Be a Bankrupting "Absurdity"

This, however, did not prevent the enterprise from turning out a complete failure. The Salzgitter ore cannot be used in its pure state. It must be mixed with Swedish ore according to a formula: very little native ore and as much Swedish ore as possible. Uncounted sums of money were spent on the building of the Hermann Göring Works. The best possible equipment was ordered from the United States. Workers' settlements and railroads were constructed; canals will probably have to be dug. In the meantime the factory does not work.

The ideal site for a metalworks plant is one near both a coal mine and an iron mine. The blast furnaces and steel mills of the Ruhr are located in the immediate neighborhood of the coal mines, and the ore is brought to them by river or by canal. Similarly, the processing works must be near the places where iron and steel are produced. Hence the Salzgitter works are an absurdity, since they are located right in the center of Germany. No coal is near them. All the coal, as well as the ores needed for mixing, has to be brought from distant places, and then the pig iron has to be sent to the industrial regions. It will never be possible to make such a set-up function properly.

There you have one of the greatest "achievements" of the Four-Year Plan. Such considerations do not stop the Nazis, however. One of the alleged objects of the construction of the Salzgitter works was to provide Germany with iron in case of war. Yet the blast furnaces of the Ruhr have not nearly exhausted their capacity. The Ruhr furnaces will have to be

kept cold in order to keep Salzgitter producing—and needlessly hauling its coal and its products to and fro. Workers will also have to be found and taken away from other occupations. It is a tissue of nonsense.

Plenty of Copper in Germany—All in Use, but What of It?

One day Göring declared: "Copper? Why, we have plenty of copper in Germany! For years we have imported it; consequently we have considerable stocks."

This is the kind of reasoning that guides this leader of German "economy." It is true, no doubt, that there are thousands of tons of copper in Germany. But they are being used. After the war broke out, Göring confiscated all copper utensils that were not essential. This, however, represents very little. Most of the copper is in the machines, in the factories, in electric wires, etc. To recover it, all the electrical plants of Germany would have to be demolished. This is childish. These people have as primitive notions of technology and economy as cave men. The simple workingman is more intelligent in such matters.

At Düsseldorf there lived a swindler who pretended he could make gold. Everybody knew he was a dishonest quack. But he knew Dreesen, the proprietor of the famous hotel at Godesberg where the Führer decided to kill Röhm and where he later received Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Dreesen told all the party dignitaries about this gold maker; so one day Düsseldorf received a visit from Herr Wilhelm Keppler, the personal technical adviser of the Führer. He came with three experts to study this extraordinary phenomenon.

Why Göring Tried to Get Butter Out of Coal and Hungry Calves

An industrialist and mine owner had a chemist who submitted to him a report affirming that an edible fat, a possible substitute for butter, could be derived from coal. The industrialist in question is on excellent terms with Göring. He went to see him and told him of the miraculous project of getting butter out of coal. "At last," he said, "we have found the way to fill the largest hole in our food supply"—Germany being obliged to import about half of the edible fats she needs. Göring ordered the installation of a large laboratory in order to study the possibilities of making butter from coal. It seems that the laboratory succeeded in extracting a kind of rather solid grease. It is even said it was tried, as butter, on some of the inmates of the Ploetzensee Prison, near Berlin, who speedily fell ill with a scurvy-like malady.

Speaking of butter, Göring has since made another discovery worthy of his genius. German farmers use a certain quantity of milk in feeding their livestock. It is indispensable to the young animals. By skimming the milk, Gör-

ing said to himself: "Additional butter can be produced from the cream; humans drink skimmed milk, after all." He straightway ordered all calves given skimmed milk. It probably had much the same effect on them as the coal-butter had on the prisoners.

How a Wagnerian Göring Sought the Rheingold

The Four-Year Plan provides for the exploitation of all of Germany's natural resources. One day the Nazis of Göring's economic staff discovered the Rhine gold. It is true that there are almost imperceptible traces of gold in the sands of the river. Upon the

the natural product that it will be a long time before artificial rubber can be produced on a rational economic basis.

Ersatz Wool over German Eyes

Artificial wool is a different matter. The board of German chemical industries have persuaded Göring that chemists can do anything, and they have produced a fibrous material that looks like sheep wool. It is not substantial, and consequently, no matter how low the price, it is too expensive, and, above all, it is not warm. Nevertheless large factories have been built all over Germany for converting tree

gard to the production of synthetic gasoline. He decided it must be raised to five million tons. It was said that in this case money was no object; the government would provide all the needed credits. All there was to do was build new plants and expand the old ones. No doubt that was right, but to produce one ton of gas requires ten tons of coal. Consequently it would be necessary to raise the output of the coal mines accordingly. In Berlin they had not thought that far.

If the industrialists declare that it is impossible to carry out Göring's orders, they are accused of sabotage. Soon those who do not fulfill the conditions which the Plan prescribes will be accused of treason and shot.

The United Steel Works owned a small shipyard at Emden. One day Hitler issued orders to transform the yard into a large naval construction plant. We answered that we lacked the funds. Immediately we were given twenty-four million marks. This was two years before the war. Hitler had suddenly decided to build a large navy.

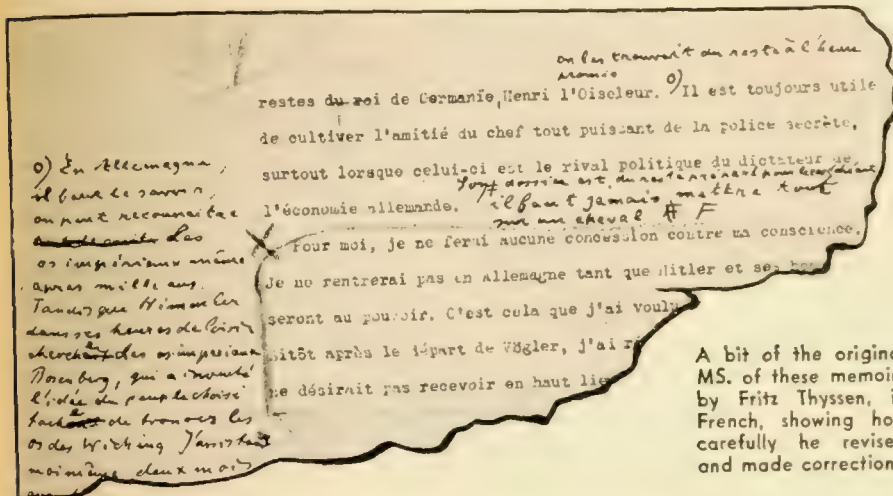
After Nazism, the Deluge

For seven years I had to struggle with all these ignorant and incapable men. It is a waste of time to discuss their stupid projects or refute their specious arguments. The fact is that the Nazi regime has ruined German industry. All the above-mentioned experiments with artificial products will become useless as soon as international trade is restored. Then Germany will have on her hands immense plants which have swallowed billions of marks, and there will be nothing to do but turn them over to the wreckers.

Industries which no longer have enough money to keep their equipment up to date are in an unfavorable position compared with foreign competition, especially in America.

The Nazis have no economic system. They have resorted in this field, as in most others, to all the expedients that came into their heads, with the idea of building up in record time the formidable armaments with which they have attacked the world in order to escape bankruptcy. They have deliberately sacrificed peacetime economy to war production. The great problem for German industry after the war will be to readapt itself to normal production so as to be able to export and to feed the workers. If this cannot be done, there will not be six or seven million unemployed, as there were when Nazism came to power, but fifteen million.

Who has not been indignant at Hitler's outrageous abuse of Pastor Niemöller—that heroic prisoner who is heard from directly, elsewhere in this issue of *Liberty*? The burning indignation of Fritz Thyssen will be expressed in next week's installment of his memoirs, and so will his opinion of Nazism's "vile instincts" as shown in its persecution of Jews.



A bit of the original MS. of these memoirs by Fritz Thyssen, in French, showing how carefully he revised and made corrections.

Nibelungs'—and Richard Wagner's—testimony, it was asserted that this gold had been exploited in the Middle Ages, or by the prehistoric Germans. The Nazi experts proceeded to wash the sands of the Rhine. The result, of course, was nil.

Much more annoying, so far as the metal industries were concerned, was the report of a geologist who pretended that the sands of the Baltic Sea contained large quantities of iron. It may be true that there are traces of iron in them. Göring had the question studied with great seriousness and sent us a long memorandum with a request for our opinions. He imagined, no doubt, that the sea was going to wash Swedish ore to the German shores without its being loaded on ships.

The Nazis have done much trumpeting about the so-called new raw materials invented under the Four-Year Plan. Ingeniously, they have called them "neue Werkstoffe"—new production materials—so as to avoid the word *Ersatz* which has so bad a sound since the last war. Actually they have found several useful substitutes. The use of aluminum and alloys based on magnesium has been extended. The use of artificial resins has been broadened. All this, however, does not interest heavy industry. The only two products that do, to some extent, are artificial rubber and wool. As for rubber, chemists have obtained rather satisfactory results so far as quality is concerned. But the cost of production so greatly exceeds the price of

trunks into this wool. The timber has to be imported, but that does not seem to matter. Göring declares it is less expensive than importing real wool. Today even army uniforms contain a large percentage of artificial wool. During the winter of 1937 it was impossible in my native town of Mühlheim to find woolen underwear for the working population. In order to put the chemists' ideas into practice, the regime has not hesitated to ruin the entire German cloth industry.

How Göring Struck Oil

In everything incoherence is manifest. The United Steel Works built a large distillation plant in order to produce gas from coal. The plant was finished and production was to begin. We expected to receive Göring's congratulations. Far from it! One day we were ordered to transform the entire plant, to adapt it to the distillation of raw oil. A new oil well had just been discovered, the yield of which was greater than previous drillings in Germany had produced. On this ground the men of Berlin imagined that they were going to discover oil fields comparable to those in Texas! This was why Göring gave that sudden order. It was typical of him. Once he had said: "There is oil in our country; we have but to seek and we shall find." And the moment a new well, no matter how mediocre, is found, his imagination pictures quantities of oil gushing forth.

The same thing happened with re-

This Man's Army



CONDUCTED
BY
OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★ THE United Service Organizations (U. S. O.) announces that it will attempt to help the morale officers of the Army by furnishing facilities for the amusement of service men when they leave their posts.

As far as we can see, the entertainment will consist of libraries, pool tables, ping-pong tables, radios, and lounges where service men can meet. We wish to commend the U. S. O. for its attempt to solve a rather difficult situation, but we don't believe that it has hit at the root of the problem.

As soldiers, we feel that we are in a better position to say what we look for when we leave our reservation, and it definitely isn't ping-pong tables, radios, and such. After all, the Army does provide us with a certain amount of recreational facilities, and when we go to town we search for some diversion.

What the average soldier looks forward to most when he gets a leave and travels to a strange city is meeting a girl whom he can take out on a date. All of his week is spent in camp with fellow soldiers; he eats with soldiers, he plays with soldiers, and he talks with soldiers. When he gets to town, he doesn't want to go some place provided for him where he can meet more soldiers.

This is a program that the soldier would like to see adopted:

1. Acceptance of the soldier into so-called "nice" circles.

2. Dances run by local clubs where the soldiers are given an opportunity to meet some girls.

3. Invitations extended to soldiers to visit in the homes of the local citizenry.

The U. S. O. should attempt to give the soldier recreation that he will enjoy and not what they think he will like.

From an editorial by Pvt. Max Cooper in The Post, Savanna Ordnance Depot, Ill.

This is the best expression of opinion I have seen of a problem which every enlisted man faces. Before giving you my views I'd like to know how you feel about it. Do you agree or don't you? Can you suggest a better program? Let me know . . . and I'll print the best letters I receive.

I am Pfc. John Michael Donahue of Battery C, 26th Training Battalion, C. A. (A. A.), Camp Wallace, Texas, and I want you to know that it's the best battery in the camp. Incidentally, I have yet to see anything in your pages about Camp Wallace. Perhaps you'd like to hear what kind of food is being served us. Here's the menu of the dinner I just had: fried chicken, mashed potatoes with gravy, lettuce-and-tomato salad, green peas, celery, pickles, bread and butter, fruit, ice cream, and lemonade. It was swell. The best of luck to you, Sarge.

Pfc. John Michael Donahue.

O. K., John Michael, now are you satisfied? Here's your letter with your name, outfit station, menu, and everything. Yours was the kind of letter I like to get and to print, friendly and factual. And the best of luck to you, son.

My husband and I can furnish positive proof that we were not married in order that he might evade the draft. In fact, although I had not intended to keep on working after our marriage, I did so that he might serve his year. We've tried to be good sports about it and have endured the separation for almost six months. But now, with the probability that his period of training will be extended indefinitely, it doesn't seem that I can stand it any longer. Please, Sarge, don't think I'm unpatriotic. If actual war comes, I'd want my husband to go back in and I'd enlist for anything I could do . . . I'm already training to be an air-raid warden. But as it is I'm losing all hope, and God knows when we can start the family we'd planned on having. Hasn't Uncle Sam enough unmarried men, so that I can have my husband back?

Mrs. B. L. P., Wakefield, Mass.

Cheer up! Just as this page goes to press the War Department announced the initiation of its new policy, which will have been good news to you. At the worst, your husband will be in the third category to receive priority in release from service: married men desiring discharge at the end of their twelve-months service. Of course that is "still assuming that this country does not become more seriously involved in the international situation . . ." But there's no sense in crossing a bridge until you come to it.

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

I have heard from several sources that a man can be recalled to active duty after serving three years in the Regular Army provided he has joined the Regular Army Reserve. Is this so and does it apply to married men as well?

*Sgt. M. W. B.,
Fort George G. Meade, Md.*

Under the Service Extension Act of 1941, signed by the President on August 18, it has become a fact. Section 6 of the Act reads: "The President is hereby authorized to order retired personnel of the Regular Army to active duty and to employ them as he shall deem necessary in the interests of national defense." Nothing is said about married men in this category, but my answer to the previous item sums up the general policy.

I have always understood that it was against regulations for a man in uniform to enter a foreign country without permission of the State Department. Recently I have noticed a large number of the enlisted and commissioned personnel of the Army in this Mexican city. Was I misinformed about the rules?

L. C., Monterey, Mexico.

No, you were not, except that the War, not the State, Department would have to grant permission. Can it be that the men find more fun across the border . . . and go without permission? I wonder.

"Did you enjoy your leave, Lieutenant?"

"I certainly did, Captain; but it's good to have the old desk under my feet again."

Lock Guard, Fort Brady, Mich.



"Mildred, you sap—it was my turn!"

How to Bid..How to Play..How to Win At

Contract Bridge



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?—Don't be embarrassed by the criticism of self-appointed "Bridge Experts". Get this wonderful and authoritative book and you will have all the right answers.



**Only
\$1.00**

160 pages. Size 7 3/4 x 10 3/4 inches spiral binding in durable board covers

If you are unable to get this book at your own bookseller, use the convenient coupon on this page.

Presented in Easy Self-Teacher Form for Beginners, Average and Advanced Players. New, Standardized, Complete

DUDLEY COURTENAY, world renowned bridge expert, writer and teacher, now brings you a new kind of bridge book—but more than just a book. For because of its unique form and presentation—it is really a teacher at your elbow—and a most interesting one at that.

Includes Bids of Championship Systems

Here is a brand new way to learn or improve your bridge. Easy to understand instructions make it very simple to know all the rules on both bidding and play, as well as all the essential laws of modern contract bridge. This great contract bridge book also explains the standardized bids of the CULBERTSON and other championship systems, including the BLACKWOOD CONVENTION. You get all this and more for only \$1.00.

Start Today! This Easy, Exciting Way!

Make this big 160-page book your master Contract Bridge guide. If you are just a beginner or a once-in-a-while player it shows you step by step how to progress in this fascinating game. If you are an average player it definitely and quickly improves your game. If you are an advanced player it brings you the extremely fine, intricate, finishing points that will help you become an outstanding player, ranking with the best at the game.

Just Off the Press . . . Standard Until 1947

Just think. Here is your recognized authority on Contract Bridge for years to come. No new rules, laws, etc., until 1947—and this beautifully printed and spiral bound volume will last a lifetime. Only \$1 at your local bookstore or direct from publisher. Get your copy of this big, new book now and learn how to be an expert Contract player.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC.
Dept. L-20, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, STANDARDIZED CONTRACT BRIDGE COMPLETE by Dudley Courtenay—for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name (Please print name and address)

Address

City State



feet soaked in perspiration

Cracks
between
your toes
WARN YOU



The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot grow twice as fast when they feed on stale perspiration and dead skin. Then, when cracks appear between the toes, they can strike—through those cracks—and spread quickly. It's Athlete's Foot! Look between your toes tonight! Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning.

1. Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Get a bottle today. At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle. **FREE SAMPLE:** Write W. F. Young, Inc., 360U Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!



Vacuum Cleaners, Electric Refrigerators and other household devices give longer, quieter service when lubricated regularly with Heavy Body 3-IN-ONE Oil. Get a can today!

IF THE WINDSORS HAD ONLY WAITED

Continued
from Page 11

Take the Duchess' almost pitiful efforts to transform stuffy old Government House, that bare stucco barracks which overlooks the harbor, into a reasonable place of human habitation and a home of sorts for the man who has no home. No effort could be more worth-while. But she spent, so the headlines flashed, \$120,000 in the process. And it wasn't long before incredible stories were going the rounds of the Nassau tea tables as to the extravagances of the Governor General's wife.

In fact, there was an international din among the "Wally haters," until an astute American observer discovered what Edward and his Duchess knew all along but were too proud to mention—that the appropriation for these much needed repairs was ordered by the island legislature long before the Duke was appointed to his post, and that the only thing that was wrong with it was that the amount was \$20,000, not \$120,000.

★ **SEEMINGLY** there was no depth of pettiness to which the Duchess' critics would not go.

There was, for instance, the little matter of Detto, Pookie, and Preezie, a trio of Cairn puppies which invariably appear in the newsreels labeled "The Duchess' Dogs." But Detto, Pookie, and Preezie aren't the Duchess' dogs at all, except in a family way, if you know what I mean. Edward Windsor had Cairns long before he had a duchess. I remember one especially intriguing one: her name was Cora.

But even if Wallis were responsible for introducing the canine element into her husband's life, I can't see why Detto, Pookie, and Preezie, who are well behaved, should arouse such a storm of protest. Can't a duchess have a dog, or even three?

Of almost equal significance was the matter of the New York hairdresser who, according to rumor, made a special trip to Nassau to do the feminine ducal hair. Combed out to the last lock, this story amounted to this: The young man was the regular hairdresser at one of Nassau's great tourist hotels and, like many another naturally curious American winter resident, he came this year to Nassau a month earlier than was his wont.

And that was not all—or even silliest.

Even before the Lady Somers docked the island was reeking with rumors that the Duke would land alone and that the Duchess would go right on to New York, (1) to have a baby, and/or (2) to have her face lifted. Well, as we know, the Duchess landed with her Duke; and since she showed no visible signs of needing medical attention on either of the alleged grounds, the gossipmongers turned temporarily to other matters, as, for instance, Detto, Pookie, and Preezie.

Now, that face-lifting story was probably the most ridiculous of all the

canards which have been foisted on the public in the hope of injuring the American woman whom the ex-king loves, for if there is one thing that Wallis Windsor does not need and probably never will need, it is to have her face lifted.

That process, which is of course not inherently sinful, is resorted to only by those whose faces begin to show signs of spread and sag. The Duchess' face, as even her most uncompimentary news photos prove, shows signs of neither. In fact, it is as slim as her figure, and as tailored.

If anything, her beautiful smooth skin is drawn too tightly over the sharply sculptured bone structure of her aristocratic face. Nature has attended, perhaps too well, to lifting Wallis Windsor's face, for at times the tightness of her skin gives her in her photographs a slightly forbidding aspect which is quite absent from her expression in real life. In fact, every one who knows her realizes that her face is much more beautiful than its photographs and that she would be foolish indeed to seek surgical or other aid to alter it.

When, however, the Duchess' impacted tooth began to cut up, and the American doctor decreed that she should go to a Miami hospital for treatment, the old face-lifting story was taken off the Bahamian shelf and the usual amount of circumstantial detail added to give it credence on the cable wires of the world.

Considering all the "headaches" the Windsors have had, it would seem as if the gossip scavengers could have laid off the Duchess when she came down with that physical ailment common to all mankind and womankind, a toothache. But they couldn't—even though they had to make up a lie out of whole cloth.

★ **MOST** of the stories about the Duchess have about as much foundation as that, except the one that she felt the heat when she arrived in Nassau and, being a forthright person, said so. This was, in a way, unfortunate. British colonials all over the globe are in a secret agreement not to discuss the weather—and perhaps it is just as well, since most of them are condemned to live in places where "only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun."

Of course, Nassau on its hottest day isn't like that, but in the summer it isn't air-conditioned, and the Duchess was quite right in noting the fact. Moreover, her speaking out seems to have released the younger British residents from some of their inhibitions on the subject. A new song is now being sung to the tune of Irving Berlin's How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning. The Nassau version is How We Hate to Stay Here in the Summer.

There are, however, commercially-minded Nassauvians who still hold it against the American lady that she was hot and said so!

I mention these minor indignities to which the Windsors are almost daily subjected not because they are important in themselves but because they are the outcroppings of what was apparently a planned effort by insular society to snub the ex-king's American wife, the first evidence of which appeared almost at the moment of their arrival on the island.

Edward well knew, of course, that from the moment he stepped on land he would be caught up in a typically colonial version of that senseless formal red tape from which all his life he had been trying to escape. And so he was.

The new Governor General was promptly whisked off with his American Duchess to a ceremonial reception which, according to the dispatches, proved quite the most trying of his much receptioned career. For example:

It was at the Emerald Beach Club and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor—Brenda Frazier's grandfather and president of the club—made an official speech of welcome to the Duke as honorary president. In this speech Sir Frederick, whose wife was social leader of Nassau until the Duchess' arrival, never mentioned the Duchess.

★ THIS slight angered Windsor. In the speech originally submitted to him the Duchess had been included and he mentioned this fact when he replied to Sir Frederick's greeting, remarking that perhaps the dimness of the light when the speech was read accounted for the oversight which he, the Duke, could not overlook.

Edward meant what he said, and will keep right on meaning it, mark my words.

Professionally speaking, I have known Edward Windsor a long time. I believe I was the first writer of any nationality to predict that he might marry an American woman, the first to give credence to the depth of his affection for the present Duchess, the first to dig into the records of her American ancestry and early life, and the first to prophesy that Edward would, if necessary, give up his throne to marry the woman of his choice. And I know, from long observation, that he has, along with his youthful charm and kindness, a mature obstinacy that makes him hang on to the death.

Wallis Warfield that *was* will be acknowledged as the Royal Highness that *is*—or else!

Official Nassau has already recognized this fact. From that first public appearance, there has been no question in anybody's mind as to *what* lady was henceforth to be recognized as the social leader not only of Nassau but of every last one of the twenty-odd islands, 661 cays, and 2,387 reefs which constitute the Duke of Windsor's colonial realm.

The Duke having made up his mind, and apparently having spoken it without reserve, no Bahamian official or potentate has since failed to include

*** IN THE FRONT OF OUR AIR DEFENSE ***

More Power to the Firing Line!



THE Apache, pursuit ship built by North American Aviation Inc., and her sister ship, the Mustang of the RAF, have demonstrated rare speed and firing power in tests. Both are powered with Allison liquid-cooled engines.

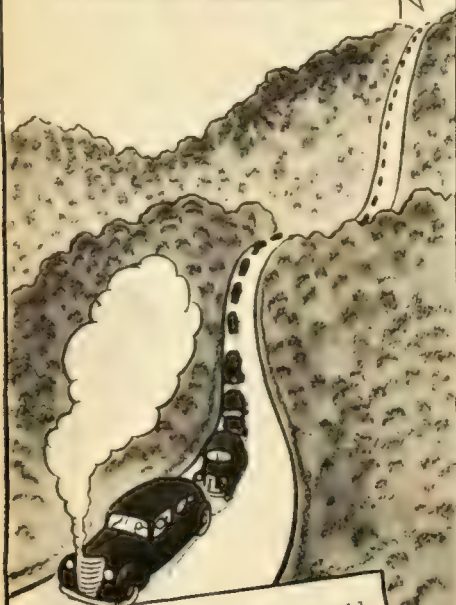
That means they are *completely* streamlined for fast and powerful action, thanks to the engine's in-line design, and to the hand-in-glove efforts of our Army and aircraft industry, which jointly developed this power plant to help make America's planes the world's outstanding performers.

Allison ★
LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES



DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS

**JUST BECAUSE ONE MAN
DOESN'T KNOW SANI-FLUSH
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS**



Clean out car radiators. Avoid overheating. Sani-Flush does it chemically. Loosens scale and rust. Lets water circulate. It costs only 10c. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (Directions on can.) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:

People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles about them and by them in Liberty.

"Her Royal Highness" Wallis, Duchess of Windsor, in any ducal address or toast.

Or, for that matter, almost no cameraman, except on state occasions, has been able to snap a picture of the Duke in which his Duchess does not also appear.

"We are," the Duke says, "a team."

All of which is very gallant and fine, and reflects the greatest credit on one

From the world's standpoint it makes small difference that the situation is, to some extent at least, of Edward's own making. Considered in the light of the great service such a man might, in this emergency, be able to perform as king, not only for his own people but for all peoples who believe in human freedom, the present waste of his potentialities is—for all of us who believe that England's cause is

QUESTIONS

1—The world grieved the loss recently of a man who was once Premier of Poland. What was his name?

2—What country is said to have the most motion-picture theaters?

3—Salmonspend much energy leaping waterfalls and battling currents to reach their spawning places. What happens to them when the spawning period is over?

4—Virginia is known as the Mother State of Presidents. Can you name four Presidents who came from there?

5—Which is the most sparsely settled continent?

6—The Gideon Bible Society was named for whom and why?

7—Where did the Pilgrims go before they came to America?

8—For the composition of what work is W. C. Handy most famous?

9—Where would you go and what would you see if you visited the Diomedes?

10—Which is correct: Arkansas or Arkansaw?

11—Two ants had a race. One started at the equator, dug straight through the earth, emerging at the equator on the other side of the globe. Starting at the same time,

Gregory Pinquetea missed Nos. 2, 7, 11, and 14. Of No. 12 he commented: "This is a question which invites pleasant speculation." Anyway, count double if you got the ones he missed.

digging at the same speed, the other ant dug his way from the north pole to the south pole. Which arrived first?

12—What is the largest denomination bill in circulation in the United States?

13—Are wooden ships playing any part in defense, and, if so, what?

14—What record, originally held by a gentleman named "Wee Willie" Keeler, was broken recently and by whom?

15—The flags of four nations have floated over the State of Delaware. Can you name them?

16—From what do we get the expression "Robbing Peter to pay Paul"?

17—Who recently announced his plans to leave a prison after "20,000 years"?

18—Can you tell the name of the war which involved the most of Europe from 1756 to 1763?

19—Why should it be easy for American soldiers in Reykjavik, Iceland, to get hot-water showers?

20—A library containing more than 6,000,000 books and documents recently was presented to the American people. Where is it, and who was the donor?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

of the grandest young gentlemen who ever lived. But there is something pitiful, it seems to me, in the former King-Emperor's having to fight to get for the woman he has made his wife ordinary courteous treatment from "social" leaders in one of the dinkiest colonial outposts of the far-flung Empire over which he once reigned.

our cause—one of the war's most poignant heartbreaks.

Forget for the moment his own culpability, if one can call it that, and consider the loss to the world at this time of his peculiar talents for arousing patriotic enthusiasm and loyalty in great masses of people—as shown by his twenty-five years' uniform success as royal liaison officer between the British Crown and the British Empire—and the genuine sympathy and affection which he has always been able to generate even among non-British peoples wherever he has gone.

At a time when the very life of his country depends as never before on Empire support and Empire solidarity, the only man in England known and loved throughout that Empire is allowed to waste these great qualities on the routine administration of a colonial outpost which is hardly more than a pin point in a Western sea.

At a time when the very life of his own people and of all peoples who believe, as he does, in the right of the common man depends on American co-operation, American energy, American wealth, American potentialities,



"I slept like a puppy"

Says Mr. Cecil C. Miller of Mobile, Ala. of his stay at an A. H. A. Member hotel during a recent business trip. "A hotel, with its many services, relieves my mind completely of the annoying details of living."

AMERICAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION



FOR A FRESH START
STOP AT A **HOTEL**

the only man in British public life who has shown any conspicuous understanding of, or sympathy with, American ideas and characteristics—the only Englishman, in fact, who has ever won our enthusiastic affection—is doomed to a life of comparative uselessness less than two hours away from the land to which, if he were still king, his very existence would be a symbol, almost a guaranty, of a united front against a common foe.

The situation, it must be clear, transcends the interests of any one individual or pair of individuals—and the plain truth is that it has done just that from its very inception, back in the dark days before the abdication.

I suppose there always will be people who believe that Wallis Simpson was the cause of Edward's downfall, that Edward put desire above duty, that he "let the Empire down," a phrase to which a skillful whispering propaganda campaign gave wings. Informed opinion, however, has long since concluded that it was the Empire, or rather the representatives of rich land-owning and mine-owning families purporting to speak for the Empire, who let Edward out, not because of a woman but because they were afraid he would succeed in making the poor less poor and the rich less rich.

★ BRITISH victories, so the saying goes, are won on the playing fields of Eton. Edward's defeat was preordained in the mining towns of Wales.

"Ghastly! These conditions are ghastly! Something will be done about them."

That's what he said, and that's what he meant.

But the Baldwins and the Chamberlains, who enjoyed the financial and political backing of the class which depended for its wealth and position on the continued existence of those "ghastly" conditions, were determined that nothing should be done, and were in a position to see that it was not done.

Even Hector Bolitho, certainly not an Edward sympathizer, stated in his book, published immediately after the abdication, that "many members of the Government resented his campaigns among the poor." But the world at large, intrigued by the romantic side of the problem, lost the true perspective on the situation, and continued to attribute the crisis to the woman Edward loved.

The situation was further confused and given a high moral tinge by the active participation of the chief prelates of the Church of England.

These prelates, entrenched in luxury and callously indifferent to the sufferings of the poor, demanded a king who could be relied upon to answer—and mean it—"All this I promise to do," to that question in the coronation ritual which is the ecclesiastic without-which-not of the ceremony:

"And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Davis

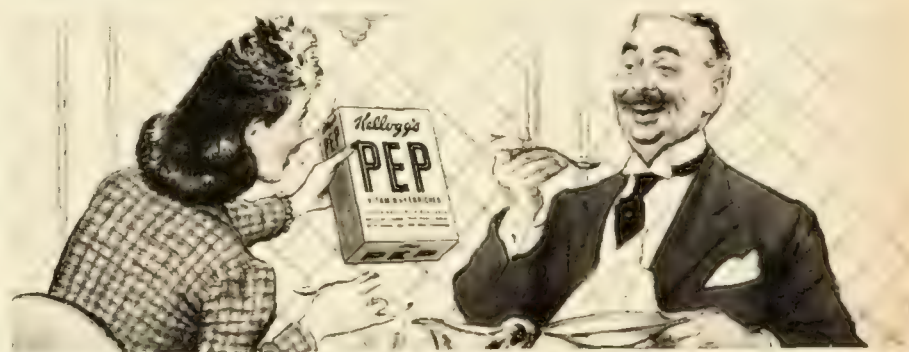


The Lawyer: Gentlemen of the Jury, there comes a time in every man's life when...



The Lawyer: How was I, sweetie?

His Daughter: Very logical, Dad. But where's that old fire—you know, that old zip, zest and zowie? You need more pep appeal! I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins.



Daughter: There, my learned Mr. Counsel for the Defense, is your first lesson in getting your vitamins. A dee-licious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant, and thus more needed, in ordinary diets.

The Lawyer: Hold on a minute! With all that vitamin talk, why didn't you tell me it tastes good too? Why this is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted!



The Lawyer: Gentlemen of the Jury, now that counsel for the defense has discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, before long things are going to be different around here.

Daughter: Well, where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

thereof, as by law established in England? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England, and to the Churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges, as by law do or shall appertain to them, or any of them?"

To the American mind, clerical meddling in politics is apt to be most repugnant. The thought that clergymen should represent wealthy constituencies in the government itself is almost incredible. But in England the Archbishop of Canterbury, for example, may be a very powerful political figure, a member of the House of Lords, a dominant factor in the fate of prime ministers and kings.

The future Duchess was merely the possessor of convenient skirts behind which the members of a privileged ruling class and the cassocked prelates of an entrenched episcopacy could hide while sniping at their King. If Edward had only agreed to be "good" to the prelates and the profiteers, he could have married a dozen American women, and the whole pack of canting hypocrites would piously have averted their eyes!

Rather than make any such agreement, Edward gave up his throne.

To him there seemed no other course.

Perhaps there was none—for him. But a less impulsive, less emotional, less human sovereign would have reasoned thus:

"These men are old, and I am young. In the normal course of events they

will die or disappear from the British political scene within a few years, long before I do. Even before they go, their power will lessen, and mine, if I keep faith with my people, will increase. Already there are signs that the ideas

they stand for are on the way out, and that the ideas I stand for are on the way in.

"Today, suddenly called to the throne, still untried as king, still uncrowned, and confronted in Parliament by a still large Conservative majority, I cannot do what I wish to do for the woman I love, for the downtrodden poor to whom I have given my pledge. But next year or the year after, even sooner if war comes, and it looks as though it will, I shall be able to do all of these things.

"I will wait.

"I will consolidate my position.

"I will let time work its healing miracle.

"Then I will act.

"And I will win."

And he would have won.

How?

Well, you have been with me to Nassau to see how things are these days with Edward Windsor, and they are, you must admit, quite as bad as I told you they would be.

Now come with me to London and see for yourself how good things might have been, not only for Edward Windsor and the woman he loves, but for all the freedom-loving world—if only they had waited!

Could Edward have had what he wanted if he had not acted so swiftly—even to an American-born divorced woman for his queen? Mr. Collins reveals some interesting facts and possibilities in next week's chapter.

Attention—Pacific Coast Readers!

Tune In the West's
Most Popular Newscaster

BOB GARRED with the Early MORNING NEWS

7:30 to 7:45 a.m.

Over these Five CBS Stations

KNX —Los Angeles
KSFO —San Francisco
KIRO —Seattle
KARM —Fresno
KOIN —Portland

Presented by
LIBERTY MAGAZINE

The American Way of Life

"What's wrong, Cowboy . . . car go lame?"



COWBOY: *This thing's worse'n a half-broke bronc.*

GIRL: *Too bad you don't know rubber like you know saddle leather.*

COWBOY: *Meanin' what?*

GIRL: *When you buy tires, put your brand on the best in the corral—switch to B. F. Goodrich.*

THE BEST WAY to keep your car sure-footed is to put Silvertowns all around. They'll stand between you and the danger of skids and blowouts. And extra mileage is built right into every Silvertown tire. It's put there by Duramin, the B. F. Goodrich discovery that keeps rubber young; keeps tires tough, durable. Because of Duramin, Silvertowns stay safer longer.

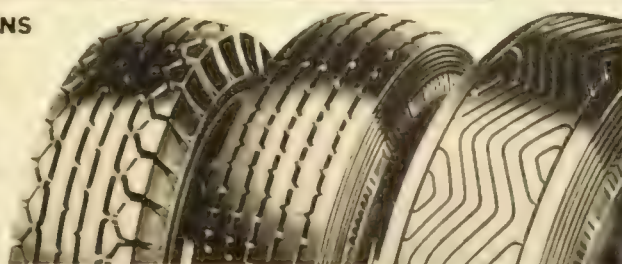
Trade-in allowances are high today, and prices are low. If you prefer the Budget Plan, many B. F. Goodrich Dealers and all Goodrich Silvertown Stores offer it.

See the new SILVERTOWNS

(Left) **SAFETY SILVERTOWN.** Top quality Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(Center) **DELUXE SILVERTOWN.** The best combination of mileage, safety and quiet running.

(Right) **LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN.** No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids.





Siegel (standing) and Shuster, creators of Superman.

Super-Duper

The amazing story behind a cartoon character who has 35,000,000 fans

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ A MAD scientist in a high tower of evil pulls a lever. A Martian machine rumbles, whirs, and spats a python ray down through space, striking at the foundations of the world's tallest building.

But wait a minute.

There is a flash of red and blue. A lone figure hurtles through the air in pursuit, catches the Empire State Building as it topples, replaces it snugly on its base. Then, as this muscular Nemesis grapples the awful death ray, a cry goes up from the audience: "It's Superman!"

This month, animated by the Fleischer Brothers (who also give us that spinach-sodden Samson, Popeye), assisted by no fewer than 700 assistants, and costing an unheard-of \$100,000 to deck out in his technicolored movie shorts, Superman is making his screen debut—all powers of justice, guts, and dislike of evil intact. The Man of Steel, in whose deeds about 35,000,000 have found escape and entertainment through newspaper and radio, will add what remains of the world's 700,000,000 movie audience to his admirers.

Superman sprang from the racing imagination of one Jerry Siegel, born in Cleveland on October 17, 1914. Son of an immigrant, Jerry, being undersized and undernourished, found himself considerably pushed around by the neighborhood toughs.

As he absorbed black eyes and beatings, Siegel lived in a dream world of Muscle Men, lapping up the deeds

of Hercules, Samson, Tarzan, Doug Fairbanks, and sundry dime-novel superheroes, dreaming of a day when he could hang one on the eye of a tormentor himself. This was not to be, and the stubby, spindly Siegel arrived at Glenville High School in Cleveland with an inferiority complex as wide as Ohio and a burning desire to become a comic-strip writer.

Unable to draw a lick himself, Jerry ran across one equally poor Joe Shuster at dear old Glenville, and decided that Joe, who *could* draw, was just the lad to put the Siegelian comic-strip dreams on paper. One of Shuster's first efforts was to create Superman, who occurred to Siegel one night and obviously sprang from his physically frustrated boyhood.

Neither of this heaven-joined pair could be said to be models of their dream man's magnificent physical perfection. The loving-cup-eared Shuster was all of five feet three—a magnificently unmuscular runt of 110 pounds, while Siegel, who weighed about twenty pounds more, towered a full two inches above him.

Nevertheless, between their joint inferiorities (Shuster, son of a poor tailor, was born in Toronto, also in 1914, got to Cleveland in 1920) the boys managed to put together, among other strip ideas, the early embodiment of their Man of Tomorrow, one who, according to Siegel, would "smack down the bullies of the world."

For six long years the boys drew miles and miles of sample Superman adventures, and for six long years

they collected miles and miles of rejection slips. Then one day a pulp-magazine publisher named Harry Donenfeld, who had just purchased the stock of comic magazines of a man named Major Wheeler-Nicholson, picked up Superman for a song (\$130—13 pages at \$10 per page) and inserted it in a comic-strip magazine called Action Comics. Since then (June, 1938) Superman has grossed about \$3,000,000 and is growing by leaps and bounds. The authors—though they sold outright their rights to their Mighty Muscled Miracle Man with the original sale and can be fired summarily—have continued to share in the increasing profits and last year split \$75,000 between them and this year expect \$150,000!

The only explanation for this extraordinary capture of public fancy is that the world has always looked for a hero in whose superhuman deeds it can lose itself. "Superman does what millions of people dream of doing," says Siegel. "He represents wish fulfillment!"

Born on a now nonexistent planet called Krypton, Superman was originally named Kal-l. The Kryptonians, it seems, were a super-race who had X-ray sight, skins impervious to hurt, and hearing that enabled them to listen through keyholes. Kal-l's father sends his son to earth in a rocket ship. The baby is raised in an orphan asylum, spending his diapered years astounding visitors by hoisting sofas one-handed and flying through the air with the greatest of ease.

The grown Superman determined to rid the world of its many ills, and he became the dual character Superman, and Clark Kent, timid bespectacled newspaper reporter. The six-foot, prognathous-jawed Superman in his skin-tight blue underwear can juggle trucks and move through steel doors as easily as you'd jump through a paper hoop. He can crack open safes with his hands, and has been known to tear a mountain apart. Once he actually tossed a sky-submarine (he's forever saving the Panama Canal from foreign enemies)

BY TED SHANE

up on shore before demolishing it like a fish out of water. Bullets and cannonballs bounce off his chest.

He has one failing—sex. For he is somewhat in love with Lois Lane, pretty, meddlesome girl reporter, a colleague on the Daily Planet. With Clark Kent, his alter ego, he carries on a triangle for her comic-strip charms. Lois despises the bespectacled, seemingly timid Kent; adores being wafted over building tops amid Superman's rippling muscles. That Lois is an unintuitive dope is obvious, for, though she has an occasional flash of puzzlement, she never can put Kent and Superman in the same pants!

Besides Lois, but one creature in

HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES 3 ways at same time!



**Break Headache's Vicious Circle
this proved, sensible way**

• A headache disturbs your *nervous system*; with jumpy nerves often goes an *upset stomach*, in turn affecting the pain in your head—thus making a "vicious circle." Mere single-acting pain relievers may still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer because it acts 3 ways at the same time; helps *stop pain*, *calm nerves*, *settle stomach*. Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer.*

*Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

BROMO-SELTZER

WHAT TO TELL YOUR DAUGHTER!!

If your daughter is between 13 to 25 years old and is restless, nervous and cranky—because of cramps or weakness due to monthly functional disturbances—have her try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pinkham's Compound is one of the MOST EFFECTIVE medicines made to relieve such weak, nervous feelings. Give this famous medicine—time-proven for over 60 years—a chance to help YOUR daughter go smiling thru such "difficult days." Pinkham's Compound should benefit you, too, mother for this purpose. Try it!

LAW

STUDY AT HOME

Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 931-L, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

See

WOODSTOCK

TYPEWRITER

this world defies him. It is the villainous Superbum Luthor, a bald-headed, decayed old coot always on the side of money vs. civilization, buffaloeing (but not overwhelming) Superman by a baffling ability to make himself so invisible even Superman's X-ray vision cannot penetrate it.

Originally a pacifist, once Superman dropped the rulers of two warring nations in no man's land, forced them to fight it out before the armies of both countries. There was so much more name-calling than fighting, the soldiers grew disgusted and called the whole thing off.

However, his pacifism has undergone a slight change recently. Back in February, 1940, Superman, demonstrating how to stop the present war, smacked his way barehanded through the West Wall, inspiring the French in the Maginot Line to follow. Then he flew to Berchtesgaden, overpowered the guards, tucked Adolf (a coward) under one arm, flew to Moscow, dug out the borsch Superman—Stalin (then in bad standing with Superman), and headed for Geneva! Miraculously the League of Nations came to life and sat up, passed judgment on the two arch-criminals, and the war was over!

This sensible procedure got Superman in Dutch in Germany, and was Mussolini sore for being omitted!

★ NOT only in the world of imagination has Superman been a hot potato. As Superman, Inc., in the cold practical world of practical dollars he has been something of a financial wizard. Singlehanded he has revived the comic magazine business, which now counts its circulation in the millions. He himself appears in his birthplace, Action Comics, monthly; super shines in his own magazine, the bimonthly Superman; and even appears in a jumbo-sized magazine called World's Finest Comics. The McClure Syndicate, which turned him down six times, now sells him to about 300 papers. He is to be met with in South America, where he is known as El Hombre Supre, and until the other Superman overran Europe he inspired millions of multi-tongued Europeans.

Besides cleaning up thusly, Superman has placed his magical trade-mark on about thirty different commercial items, and there are Superman radio programs, Superman recordings of daring adventures. His ghost is even contemplating a novel about him.

And, of course, Superman is now scooting across the movie screen. Each short nets Superman, Inc., \$10,000, and there'll be one a month this coming year.

Naturally, Superman's greatest effect has been on children. Two hundred thousand of them now belong to the Supermen of America. Initiation fee is a dime (to cover the cost of mailing a handsome red, yellow, and blue membership certificate, button, and secret code), and each is pledged to "increase his or her STRENGTH and COURAGE and to aid the cause of

JUSTICE, to keep absolutely SECRET the SUPERMAN CODE, and to follow announcements in each month's issue of ACTION COMICS."

Mothers, realizing the power of this third parent, have gotten in the habit of writing and asking Superman to drop a line to Junior, urging Junior to eat his egg yolk, stop beating the cat and biting his nails. Boys themselves write in asking how to beat bullies who are tormenting them. Superman always advises ten hours' sleep, lots of vegetables, and says that all bullies have yellow streaks.

Available for supervision of Superman are Dr. Thorndike of Columbia's Psychology Department, and Dr. C. Bowie Millican of New York University, who act as an advisory board. These gentlemen—Superman fans, by the way—edit out all sadistic impulses which might set bigger brothers to beating up their younger relatives. They never allow Superman to kill any one. Should a character fire point-blank at Superman, the bullet is allowed to ricochet off his body, bound back, and kill the firer—and Superman must always apologize!

Superman unquestionably has many millions of grown-ups as followers. eighty-six per cent of the parents into whose homes he enters Sundays read him as they do the Bible. Several hundred West Pointers, midshipmen, coastguardmen, and draftees have actually become Supermen of America and follow the secret code messages. Joe Louis (naturally) reads him faithfully, and his devotees include a du Pont, a La Follette, a Roosevelt, and, since both LaGuardia kids are Supermen of America, it is to be inferred that the Little Flower himself derives inspiration from the man he so obviously emulates!

★ THIS fall Superman, feeling prosperous and well established, plans to inaugurate the Superman-Clark Kent \$4,000 Scholarship in Journalism—to be won by competitive essay. There will be Superman Health Days, and a Superman Medallion struck for any young person who does something Supermanly, such as saving a dog's life, lifting the mortgage off a home (barehanded), or being of service to the community. And when Superman winds up his present job—that of cleaning up the Super-Underworld—he will get on with the war. Somehow, it feels pretty comforting to know he's on our side and not the enemy's!

As for our war aims—and the peace to follow—I know whom it is I'm voting for to handle those matters! For I am certain that Superman has the right slant on things. Any one who can make a man with stringy muscles become a Joe Louis in his own mind must have something.

There may, by the way, be a Superwoman any day. My worry is—if there is—will she cut out Lois? Then what will become of Lois?

Heaven knows, I will have none of her!

THE END

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 7

performance as Bette's daughter. Both Miss Wright and Miss Collinge are show-stoppers of the first water.

The casting of Herbert Marshall in the role of Bette's husband proved the only fly in Mr. Goldwyn's ointment. He wasn't quite sure of Marshall. He need not have concerned himself. The scene in which Bette permits her sick husband to die in order to satisfy her greed is one of the strongest in the picture, and Mr. Marshall measures up to every requirement.

Hell popped in all directions during the making of the film. Director William Wyler, a perfectionist, chose to vent his spleen on Miss Davis, who insisted upon false eyelashes. In the heat of the fray, Miss Davis took herself to her beach house until things quieted down. The frequent uprisings between Mr. Wyler and Mr. Goldwyn could not, of course, have been caused by false eyelashes. Neither gentleman wears them. When Mr. Goldwyn wasn't walking around the block to cool off, Mr. Wyler was. The miracle is that any picture at all, let alone a gem, could have emerged from so much turmoil.

(Goldwyn-RKO.)

★ ★ ★ LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY

On September 23, 1941, Mickey Rooney, the Box-Office King, becomes twenty-one years old. It seems only natural, then, that Andy Hardy, Mickey's screen self, should make good his repeated threat of "Today I am a man."

In this latest episode of the Hardy family—and, incidentally, it's one of the best—Andy finally grows up—the hard way, of course—and successfully bridges the gap from overexuberant boyishness to young manhood.

Parents of typical young Americans such as Andy will understand so well the problem that confronts the boy who can't decide between college and a job. Andy thinks maybe he'd like to try his luck as a wage earner in the big city for a month before deciding the momentous question, and with Judge and Mrs. Hardy standing helplessly but sympathetically by, Andy makes the big experiment.

Hunger, sirens, and death take turns in pinning back Andy's ears before he goes home—a subdued and quiet Andy who wins our respect.

Judy Garland announced her engagement to Dave Rose while making puppy love to Andy on the screen. She objected to playing the role, claiming audiences would not accept her as a sweet young thing of sixteen. Judy was wrong. She has never been more charmingly youthful.

Patricia Dane, a brunette Jean Harlow, and all ablaze like a brandied pudding, is the big news of the picture. Miss Dane is the newest starlet to make her screen debut through the Hardy series, and if Miss Dane isn't a star before another year rolls around, your Beverly Hills will eat

this prediction word by word. Ray McDonald is another newcomer with talent written all over his homely face, which makes this picture something pretty doggone special.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road.

★★★—Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆ by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

A THOUSAND SHALL FALL, by Hans Habe.

The first book from the ranks of the French army describing what went on, what orders were issued during the peculiarly complete rout called "The Battle of France." Habe, a refugee novelist whose books were burned in Germany, enlisted with the French in one of the few regiments that fought on occasion, finally was captured and escaped. All here in a startling and vivid book.

FULTON OURSLE

Editor of Liberty
and Well Known Author

Broadcasts Weekly His Personalized
Commentary on World Affairs.

Every Monday Evening
at 8 P. M. EDT

WHN

DIAL 1050

Listeners in and around New York
City are cordially invited to tune
in on Mr. Oursler's program!

THESE modern phonograph inventions ARE YOURS

Only
IN A
PHILCO



"MUSIC ON A BEAM OF LIGHT"

A permanent jewel reflects the music on a beam of light to a photo-electric cell. No needles to change. Surface noise and record wear reduced 10 to 1. Glorious new beauty and purity of tone. *Only Philco has it!*

STROBOSCOPE PITCH AND TEMPO CONTROL

An exclusive feature of the Philco Automatic Record Changer. Hear your records with *absolute fidelity of pitch*. Simpler, gentler, more reliable record changing. *Only Philco has it!*

TILT-FRONT CABINET

No lid to lift; no need to remove decorations. To play the phonograph, you merely tilt forward the grille, place your records and tilt it back again. *Only Philco has it!*

These are the marks of the *modern* phonograph. These new delights, plus the Philco FM System and other radio inventions, which you enjoy in a Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph are yours *only in a Philco!*

Philco 1012, Illustrated. Easiest Terms.

See the 1942 Philco Phonographs and
Radios at Your Nearest Dealer

By special Navy transmission
from somewhere in the Atlantic

★ I SAW the United States Navy, on patrol, draw blood in its first encounter with a maritime force that dared dispute our ships' sweep of the Atlantic Ocean—but our adversaries were whales.

As if they had held a congress of indignation and decided to take steps at the mess the human race was making of the Seven Seas, a great school of leviathans bobbed up in the middle of the "task force" to which I have been temporarily assigned. One vessel rammed the boldest of the cetacean fleet which charged her, and the rest "sounded," diving deep into a sea reddened with the blood of their rash leader.

But do not let this introduction to the first account of life at sea these days be taken as making light of the grimly efficient job our navy is doing in its difficult task of keeping war at arm's length from this hemisphere. That this is its mission I can testify. The encounter with the whales was the only spectacular event on the first leg of a long cruise with a task force of the Atlantic Fleet, a formidable unit which included representation of almost every kind of fighting power we can send to sea.

We were to have moments of more intense drama: the sighting, late one night, of a tiny red glow on the horizon that meant an unknown ship in distress had sent up a flare from a rocket pistol—and the reading next day, in a wreckage-littered sea, of the finis to that secret tragedy. There were a few tense minutes one morning when the call to quarters sent every man pell-mell to his post, at the lookout's warning of the approach of unidentifiable men-o'-war; but as the flotilla deployed with all hands at battle stations, the intruders into our patch of ocean were revealed to be a detachment from the British fleet.

Grim, too, were the times when the radio picked up the gibberish of German submarines communicating in code, perhaps discussing our formation and deciding what to do about it. Only twice in the long voyage that constituted the first leg of our cruise were SOS signals intercepted. One appeal was cut off before the ship could give its identification or position, but the other was a terse tale of death on the high seas some 500 miles away—the ship sinking, its starboard lifeboats smashed.

It was my honor to be one of the first small group of correspondents selected by Secretary of the Navy Knox to accompany an Atlantic patrol, and my greatly appreciated privilege to be assigned to the flagship of the flotilla, from whose signal bridge an admiral directed the operations of our rather formidable force. I wish I could talk about him, too; but the identification of personnel is among the multitude of confidences imposed upon me, and my gratitude must also

be apportioned among the officers, the "chiefs," and the enlisted men of the battle cruiser. In saluting these brave, hard-working—nobody knows how hard they do work—shipmates of mine, I feel, too, that I am saluting our whole navy. It is a grand outfit, not looking for a fight but ready for one, and so superior in equipment and morale to the foreign forces I have closely observed that the United States can sleep well o' nights while all the rest of the world is in agonizing nightmare.

how many of them spend their small leisure in studying technical books on navigation, gunnery, electrical and marine engineering! Look anywhere about the decks where gobs sprawl in the lee of a big gun turret, and you will observe many poring over textbooks and correspondence courses.

Ours was, or is (for I am writing this at sea), a task force entrusted with a double mission. First, the flotilla was engaged in that patrol of the ocean designed to keep our Western Hemisphere's sea lanes open to traffic

On U.S. Patrol in the *Atlantic*

BY WALTER KARIG

News! . . . Liberty gives you a heartening first-time, first-hand report from a flagship at sea

When units of the navy move out to sea these days, they travel under battle conditions, and no fooling. That means the guns are manned, ammunition broken out, the clock around. It means that destroyers sweep in great ellipses far to the front and the rear of the cruisers, battleships, and vessels of the train, while airplanes scout overhead. It means that the complicated listening devices, of which the most comprehensible are the extremely sensitive radios, are pouring their mysterious information into the ears of experts every minute.

It is a navy of busy men, of cheerful men, well fed, well trained, a team full of spirit and pride. Of the morale of our navy there is much to be said, and the efficiency with which the flotilla operated strains the superlative. No other navy, for example, refuels its ships while in motion, or takes back on board the airplanes catapulted from deck of cruiser or battleship without halting in its deep-water stride. The "how" of such operations is a combination of secret mechanism and superior seamanship.

There is no eight-hour stretch of sleep or uninterrupted leisure for any man, from quarter-deck to fo'c'sle, while the ships are at sea—and yet

and closed to war. Second, it was escorting shiploads of men and equipment for an outpost link in the great chain of defenses which gird the United States. Moreover, it was a floating school, every vessel overmanned by the addition of recruits fresh from the training stations and young reserve ensigns, many of whom had not even seen the ocean except in newsreels until we put to sea—all of them certain to be qualified to do their jobs efficiently on the new ships now sliding from the ways, when this cruise is over.

My berth was on a heavy cruiser carrying more men than many an American town can boast. The job that was given us to do was a pioneering one. The navy has no experience upon which to draw for the task it is now performing. Much of that which was new to my landlubber's eyes was just as unfamiliar in practice to the old salts.

The admiral sailed as a youngster on the "great white fleet" which Teddy Roosevelt sent around the world nearly a generation ago. He commanded the force, but not the flagship, whose skipper was a four-stripe captain. Traveling under battle conditions meant that the ships were dark-

ened at night; that all radios except one were sealed, and that one for reception only. Wartime conditions have put intership communication back to the days of the clippers, with hooded blinker lights and wigwag flags the sole means of transmitting orders and messages. Even the little portable receiving sets owned by members of the ships' companies were impounded, because the tiniest of them transmits a signal audible to sensitive receivers while being tuned in on a swing band or news broadcast.

cer of the deck into the formula by which the vessel is kept not only on its course but in exact position in the formation. Through endless calculation on the charting tables and in the minds of the officer of the deck, the captain, and the admiral, the flotilla marched with exquisite precision over the trackless waste of waters, to arrive at given points exactly on time.

Life on shipboard under war conditions is a routine in which hard labor of mind and muscle dominates. Standing "one watch in four" requires

their own meals, but the enlisted men's food is furnished them under dietetic supervision. Thus the dinner in the fo'c'sle was often superior to that eaten in the wardroom. A sample midday meal served the crew consists of chicken-and-rice soup, roast chicken with bread dressing and brown gravy, mashed potatoes, buttered asparagus, steamed string beans, sliced tomatoes, jam, and beverage. While the gobs were stowing that away, the officers were sitting down to cream-of-tomato soup, spaghetti with meat balls, tomato-and-lettuce salad, an apple, and coffee. "My" cruiser had an ice-cream bar and a candy counter which the men could patronize at their own expense.

We had a daily morning newspaper with bulletins summarizing the important events of the preceding twenty-four hours, and comics drawn by cartoonists from among the crew. But for wartime conditions, there would have been free movies on deck at night.

Refueling at sea? Imagine a man driving a car in heavy traffic while watching for a madman he knows to be waiting in ambush to take a pot shot at him, and having ten gallons of gas and a quart of oil put in his car without stopping! But even that comparison is inadequate, because the ships in the tight formation are zig-zagging all the time—a complicated maneuver in itself. To a distant observer the zigzag gives a bewildering illusion that they are changing in numbers, in speed, and in direction; and that is the reason for doing it, not to dodge torpedoes actually launched.

Some day the Navy Department may grant the permission which will let me tell you where we went, with what, and why. Suffice it to say now, under the purely voluntary censorship imposed, that we traveled far through constant danger, virtually sightless by night, and that we got where we were going on time, in exact formation.

No, we were not "convoying." In our task of keeping the sea lanes free we did not take foreign flag-vessels under the protection of our big guns. The task force which I accompanied has a hundred-per-cent American job to accomplish, and to the best of my knowledge it was representative of what our entire navy is engaged in doing on the submarine-haunted seas.

This, then, is a preliminary report, and an assurance that Americans can be proud of their great navy. Some day perhaps I can give details of the launching of bombers from an airplane carrier, of the cargo we guarded and delivered, of the marines and what they are doing. I'd rather write that now than sleep—and this is being hurried off to you from the high seas after a night of correlating notes and pounding a portable typewriter under a tiny dim bulb.

There goes reveille! "And the flag is still there!" I'd give something pretty if you all could see it as I do—right now and here.

THE END

When units of the navy move out to sea these days they travel under battle conditions.



With ammunition lockers open and powder charges ready to the hands of the gun crews, smoking was dangerous almost anywhere above decks or near the magazines. There was a warning, rigidly enforced, against throwing overboard anything that floats; garbage was incinerated to an ironlike clinker. How important floating objects are as clues was demonstrated every time some unusual object was borne into view by the waves. Even to my uninitiated eyes, as to anybody's, the story behind a few floating bales of cotton and a sailor's bunk mattress is an obvious tale of tragedy on the high seas. But the professional observers noted the air and water currents, the amount of exposure to which the flotsam had been subjected, and drew from all such calculations an almost exact story of the tragedy.

Warship operation is a matter of continuous application of higher mathematics. The bridge, high above the decks, gives a 180-degree view forward and abeam. It is rimmed with machines that indicate everything from the force and direction of the wind to the number of revolutions the screws are making—all of which information is integrated by the offi-

cer of the deck into the formula by which the vessel is kept not only on its course but in exact position in the formation. Through endless calculation on the charting tables and in the minds of the officer of the deck, the captain, and the admiral, the flotilla marched with exquisite precision over the trackless waste of waters, to arrive at given points exactly on time.

Life on shipboard under war conditions is a routine in which hard labor of mind and muscle dominates. Standing "one watch in four" requires the men to be at fixed stations for four hours, and either resting or on other duties during twelve. But all hands except those on watch hit the deck for reveille, for chow, and during "general quarters," regardless of everything, including lack of sleep.

The sailor rises at 5.30 A.M. reveille, and by six is washing down decks and cleaning or painting. Breakfast is at seven fifteen, and at eight five all hands report to their posts for muster. At nine fifteen comes "general quarters," with everybody working on some tactical problem, such as mock battle or disabled ship drill. There is always gunnery drill during this period, which terminates shortly before the midday mess call is sounded at eleven forty-five. At one thirty is another call to quarters, with routine filling the day until sunset calls for the darkened ship. Those who do not have labors to continue below the water line, where light can't leak, either work in the dark or, if off duty, sleep.

Meals are high in quality, and the quantity is limited only by the individual's capacity. Meat is served three times a day—or was in my ship—and coffee, tea, or cocoa is on tap at all hours of the day. The officers pay for

☆ I SAID, "Dear, I am sorry about last night." My wife, on her bed in her strawberry-colored house coat, kept her gaze rigidly on the ceiling.

"Don't you hear, darling? I'm sorry I made that fuss when the Sloanes' dog spilled the highball on my pants," I said.

Coldly she placed her hands more comfortably under her head.

"O. K. I also apologize for what I said about the dog when we were leaving the Sloanes' house," I said.

Her violet eyes burned. "In a voice," she said to the ceiling, "like a taxi driver after a collision with another taxi driver. Insults that carried right back to Mrs. Sloane standing at her door!"

"She couldn't hear a word. The dog was still barking."

"Because you kicked him!"

"When my foot shot out, the dog jumped. I didn't touch a hair of his tail. Now, darling, this is ridic!" I said. "Look—surprise!"

My wife did not look at the surprise.

"Tickets!" I said, waving the little envelope. "Two on the aisle for Murder with a Laugh. For tonight!"

"No, thank you," said Janet coldly. "I am not going to any theater with you tonight!"

"Not going?"

"I am not going!"

I was a man, not a minnow. "I get it. You're not going. O. K.," I said, and shoved the envelope back in my vest pocket and walked out.

But down in the living room, as I leaned over the radio and let it play into my stomach, I sadly regarded the past and the future.

We had moved into this charming house in Laurel Park, only twenty-two minutes from New York, just three weeks before. And since to have fun in Laurel Park you had to be taken up by the Sloanes—show-place estate, junior partner big New York law firm, gorgeous parties—Janet had lost no time in wangling an invitation there.

As we walked up the flagged path of the impressive Georgian-Colonial pile, a small brown Airedale came bounding toward us.

Never did a friendship between a man and a dog arise so spontaneously—on the dog's side. I merely patted him on the head once, and he was my friend for life.

As Mrs. Sloane graciously showed us through the house, Shnugie sniffed at my trouser cuffs and kept gliding thoughtfully between my feet, in and out and in.

In the living room, he settled down against my legs while Mrs. Sloane, a svelte and snooty redhead who had been a Powers model before her marriage, showed us a whole album of snaps devoted to him. She also told us how he had been lost one night and she'd had to go to Nassau for the rest of the winter to get over the shock.

On the Aisle

As Mr. Sloane, dapper, thirty-five, cold gray legal eyes, was describing the special diet of cooked vegetables and raw meat he had personally worked out for Shnugie, the dog suddenly heaved up, leaped at my right shoelace, and tugged it open.

Every one laughed heartily, and I bent and retied the lace.

It was a game. Shnugie caught the lace in his little white teeth and yanked, I tied, he yanked, I tied, he yanked, and it went on and on like that. Till he leaped at my left lace just as I was raising my highball and the tall drink spilled all over my pants. My kick was no good, as I have said. But the faces of our hosts froze and Janet thought it wise to leave shortly afterward.

Halfway down the path I gave my opinion of the dog, which Janet claimed Mrs. Sloane overheard, and here I was still in the doghouse.

I did not think Janet would even come down to dinner tonight, but she did, and I immediately set to work for a full pardon.

"Know what I just found out today?" I chattered. "The Bimcoes live in Southford. Just three miles from here!"

"You don't say!" said Janet, in such a way that I knew she was only answering because Saffronetta, our maid, was around.

But I was full of Peter Bimcoe. He was president of Majestic Macaroni Products, and for months I, who am in charge of radio accounts for Carlton Advertising, had been trying to sign him up for a big contract to sponsor the Matthews Sisters and Band.

"Had him out for lunch today. One to three thirty. We got real chummy. We must have the Bimcoes over for bridge some time. Now look, angel," I slipped in, "how about these tickets for tonight?"

"I said no, or didn't I tell you?"

"Oh, don't be like that!"





"I am not going to any theater to-night."

"Then what am I to do with the tickets?"

"Whatever you like."

"I'll have to give them away!"

"O. K. by me!"

I looked at her hard, then I went right to the phone and started to give those tickets away.

Did you ever try to give away a couple of theater tickets in a hurry? It's fun.

First I called the Hal Bassets. Thanks loads, they'd already seen *Murder with a Laugh*.

George Howe said he'd ask his wife, who was putting Georgie Junior

to bed at the moment. He kept me on the wire eight full minutes till his wife came in and shrilly said, why, her folks were coming that night—had he forgotten or was it wishful thinking?

I then called Billy Hayes, who was a bachelor, and he said, thanks, old boy, but it was too much trouble to get shaved for anything tonight, he having had a big night the night before.

The Cemings' phone did not answer at all.

At seven thirty I said to Janet, "Nobody wants these tickets. Now, angel, be a sport. What do you say?"

"I say I am still upset from last night and I am now going upstairs to rest. Excuse me."

"But what shall I do with these damn tickets? Burn them in the furnace?" I said.

"Why not?" said Janet, and went upstairs.

I cried after her, "O. K. by me too!" and rushed down to the furnace room.

I yanked open the furnace door. But I did not throw the pasteboards in. Instead I had an idea.

I lammed into the playroom, which was next to the furnace room, and picked up the phone there and called a Southford number quick.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Bimcoe!" I said. "How are you and Mrs. Bimcoe?"

... That's good. I am fine, too. Look, Mr. Bimcoe. Could you use a pair of good seats for *Murder with a Laugh* tonight? Something has come up and we can't use them and it would be wonderful if you could instead."

"*Murder with a Laugh*—well, well, I've been trying to get around to that show for six months!" boomed Mr. Bimcoe. "Nice of you to think of us." He added he would drive to the

BY CROSBY GEORGE

The hectic, hilarious story of a mad merry-go-round of trouble

theater with Mrs. Bimcoe. Since they had to pass through Laurel Park anyhow, they would stop in for the tickets in about twenty minutes.

I put down the receiver and felt fine. I had not only disposed of the tickets but in addition had riveted another rivet into the growing friendship between myself and Majestic Macaroni.

I went up to the living room, and while I was stepping around a little to some hot music, Janet came down.

"Shut off that thing; I want to talk to you," she said. I snapped off the radio. "You still have those tickets, Victor," she said, "haven't you?"

I slapped my vest. "You didn't

NEW KIND OF FLASHLIGHT

HANDY AS A WRISTWATCH!



REX RISTLITE

GIVES YOU FREE USE OF BOTH HANDS!

complete **98¢** with batteries

Imagine a flashlight you never have to "hold" . . . the new Rex Ristlite throws a clear 500-foot beam right where you want it; yet leaves both hands free for work!

Rex Ristlite is a boon to every household . . . a blessing to mechanics, plumbers and carpenters. And for sportsmen, campers and army men, it's indispensable!

Made of zephyr-weight, tough plastic, G-E prefocused bulb. Unbreakable lens.

IF YOUR DEALER HASN'T REX RISTLITE ORDER DIRECT! Send no money. We ship C.O.D. for 98¢ plus postage. Or send check or M.O. and we will ship postage paid.

FLASHLIGHT CO. OF AMERICA
Dept. W-5 Jersey City, N.J.

Be Prepared



FOR HEADACHES



NEURALGIA



PAINS DUE TO SIMPLE HEAD COLDS



MUSCULAR ACES

with **"BC"**

"BC" quickly soothes headaches, neuralgia and similar pains. It is composed of several prompt-acting ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use as directed on package and consult a physician when pains persist.

FREE TRIAL: For free sample, write B. C. REMEDY CO., Dept. B-7, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



ON SALE EVERYWHERE—10¢ & 25¢

In Cleveland
THE HOLLENDEN

In Alton
THE MAYFLOWER

In Columbus
THE NEIL HOUSE

DeWITT
OPERATED

think I'd burn six sixty plus one fifty premium in a furnace, did you?"

"Of course I didn't. Well, it's all right, dear."

"Oh, you've changed your mind, eh? Want to go to the show now, is that it?" I said in a very sweet way.

"No," said Janet; "but I've found some one else who does."

"Oh—you have? How nice! Who, may I ask?"

"The Sloanes!" said Janet happily. "The Sloanes!"

"Uh-huh. I was trying to rest in my room; but I kept thinking of the Sloanes and how we insulted them last night, and suddenly the idea came to me how we could make up for it all. So I phoned them from the upstairs extension just now and offered the tickets as a sort of peace offering, and Mrs. Sloane said they would be delighted to use them, and they'll be over in a few minutes for them."

I sat down. "No!" I said.

"Wasn't it gracious of them? Not to hold a grudge, I mean. What's the matter, Victor? You're pale as a sheet. Did you eat something for lunch? Pull yourself together. They'll be here any minute."

"That is perfect!" I said. "Just perfect."

"What are you talking about?"

I croaked, "Just five minutes ago I gave those same two tickets to the Bimcoes. They'll be here in about a quarter of an hour for them. That's all!" I said. "That's all!"

Her eyes got big. "Oh, no!" she said, "Things like that just don't happen. Oh, no!"

"Whose fault is it? You didn't want the tickets. You said, sure, give them away. So I did."

She caught my arm. "Victor, you've got to call those Bimcoes up and tell them it was a mistake! Please!"

"Are you nuts? Bimcoe is the best prospect I have hooked in three years!"

"But the Sloanes—you insulted them last night, and now this—no tickets—oh, I wish I were dead!" said Janet.

☆ WHAT man can look unmoved on the agony of the woman he loves? "Stop breaking my heart and let me think," I said. I thought hard. "Look," I said. "We'll toss for it. If I lose, I'll call off the Bimcoes. If you lose, you give the Sloanes the business. That's the only way. Come on. No time to argue. Here!" I took the ticket envelope out of my vest pocket and laid it on the end table by the sofa. "Here's a quarter. What do you cry—heads or tails?"

"Heads!" said Janet.

I spun. The coin fell on the rug. We stared at it.

"Tails. Sorry. You call off the Sloanes," I said.

"It wasn't fair. I didn't have a chance. You're an experienced gambler!" panted Janet.

"What?"

"Don't you play poker with your gang every second Friday? Anyhow, I didn't mean to say heads—you

rushed me. And besides, you tossed the coin."

My eyes popped. "Are you insinuating that I would deliberately manipulate a coin so—"

"Not deliberately. But maybe subconsciously."

I breathed hard. "O. K.!" I said. "We'll toss again. Make it two out of three. And you will do the tossing. With your subconscious or anything else you like."

She closed her eyes, squeezed the quarter. "Tails!" The wild quarter struck the wall and a side table before hitting the floor.

"Sorry," I said. "Heads. That's two out of three for me."

"Don't tell me there's no trick to this!" panted Janet. "All right, I'll call off the Sloanes. But we might as well move to a cemetery for all the life we're going to see in Laurel Park this winter." She started for the phone. "Oh—listen!"

A car was stopping in our driveway. I jumped to the window.

"It's the Sloanes!" I said.

"Oh, heavens!" said Janet.

She swayed; I caught her arm. "Listen," I said. "I've got an idea. I'm going to phone the box office from upstairs. Maybe they have two more tickets. You stall the Sloanes till I come down."

I pushed her toward the street door and pounded up the stairs. As I got to the landing I heard her greeting them, and also the cheerful yapping of a dog.

☆ I GOT the Miracle Theater box office and feverishly said I had to have two tickets for tonight. The man hadn't a thing, but he said I could call back; sometimes tickets were turned in at the last minute.

I dashed downstairs and loped into the living room.

The Sloanes were in two wing chairs flanking the fireless fireplace. Janet, on the sofa, was holding the fort. As I went past her I whispered, "Keep stalling." Shnugie was at his master's feet, but as I shook hands he got up and briskly went for my right shoelace.

"The Sloanes are leaving Shnugie with us tonight!" said Janet, with a pale smile. "It's their maid's night out."

"He cries when we leave him alone in the house," said Mrs. Sloane. "Whimpers like a baby."

"Delighted to have him," I said heartily. "Wonderful dog!"

Shnugie flung himself on my left shoe. Mr. Sloane got up.

"Guess we'd better be pushing off," he said.

"Oh, you've loads of time. How about a drink?" I said.

"No, thanks. It's kind of late and—"

"You must take a look at our playroom," shrieked Janet. "Please. It won't take a minute!"

They looked bewildered, but she had already started to shepherd them out. The phone bell rang. "Excuse me!" I cried, and flapped upstairs.

It was Bill Hayes. The drip had

changed his mind and wanted the tickets. I slammed the receiver down, then grabbed it and called the box office again.

I hit the jack pot. Two in the orchestra had just been turned in. The guy would hold them until eighty-three.

I figured quickly. I would let the Sloanes have the two tickets in my possession, shove them off, give these two at the box office to the Bimcoes. But they'd never make it by eighty-three.

"Look, mister," I said. "You've got to hold those tickets till curtain-time. It's a matter of life and death!"

It did the trick. He said till curtain-time, and I gave my name and charged downstairs again.

★ JANET was now bringing the Sloanes back from the playroom. "Well, folks, want to be on your way, hey?" I said cheerily. "Here are your tickets." Smiling at Janet to show all was well, I thrust two fingers into my vest pocket. Then I remembered I had put the tickets on the end table. I turned. I had a shock.

"Funny," I said. "I left them here on this end table only a couple of minutes ago. Janet, you haven't got them, have you?"

"Of course not. Are you sure you put them there?"

"You saw me do it—don't you remember?" I looked under the table; I heaved the sofa away and looked. I grabbed two books and shook them.

Mrs. Sloane looked peeved. "Oh, it doesn't matter!" she said.

"They're around somewhere, Mrs. Sloane," said Janet. Frantically she looked under the ivy pots on the mantel. "They'll turn up. Or maybe Victor remembers the numbers. Victor!"

I said, "Oh, sure! They're in the orchestra. Now, let's see. Row C—no; Row G. No, that doesn't seem right, either."

"For heaven's sake, think!" wailed Janet. "Think hard."

I put icy hands to a burning forehead. I rolled my eyes ceilingward while Janet stared at me with the haggard eyes of a mother whose child has got stuck in the middle of a piece.

"I can't make it!" I said hoarsely. "I just can't remember."

"Well, let's call it a night's fun," said Sloane coldly.

The bell rang. Janet jumped and said, "Oh!" I strode to the door.

It was big, red-faced, gray-haired Peter Bimcoe. With him was a plump little woman with serene brown eyes.

"Hello, Brooks!" he boomed. "Mr. Brooks, dear. Mrs. Bimcoe."

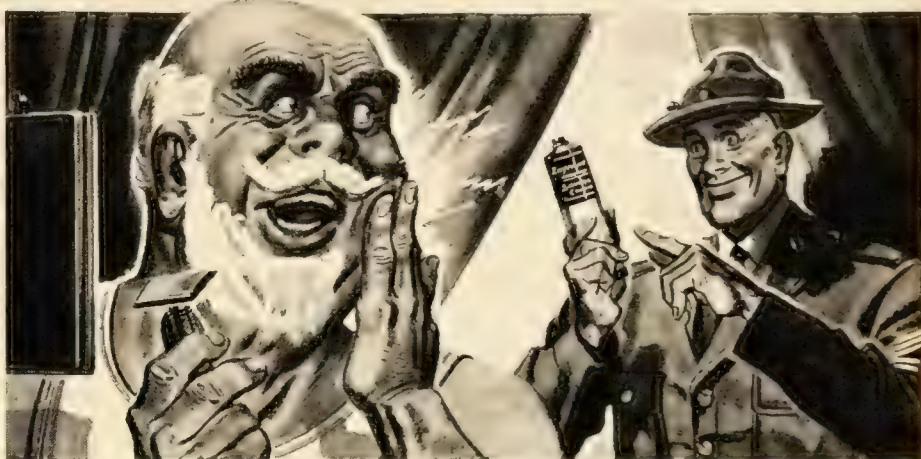
"How do you do, Mrs. Bimcoe? Won't you come in?" I said.

"Thanks, some other time," said Bimcoe. "It's late."

"You must meet Mrs. Brooks," I said.

"Love to; but if we're to get to the theater in time—"

The Sergeant puts the Colonel right about face with COOL SHAVES



"*Blastation, Sergeant!*" says the Colonel to me—"the bullets and the shrapnel of the Boche never caused me a tremor. But forty years of shaving burns and terrors still make me squirm and shiver—at the sight of my own razor!"

"*Why, Colonel!*" says I—"have you never heard of Ingram's cooling shaving cream? Where's your Intelligence Division? Sure the youngest recruit with cradledown on his cheeks is a wiser soldier than you with all your medals."



"*Ingram's is different, Colonel, made different—cool—to condition skin for shaving while it wilts whiskers. It lathers up fast, does a blitzkrieg on the toughest beard in double-quick time. Feel that coolin', soothing touch?*"



"*Sergeant,*" chortled the Colonel, "you're a dandy! My razor eases through this Ingram-smothered stubble like a sabre through butter! I'll shave minutes off my shaving time and finish cool, refreshed and ready for duty!"



"*That night I see* the Colonel steppin' out for duty, as frisky as a two year old. And no wonder! Ingram's is a real help to your skin comfort. Shaving lotions and tonics—dismissed. Ingram's leaves you looking younger—your skin cool and smooth—and it stays that way for hours. Squads right, for Ingram's! Sound off for cool, comfortable shaves today!"

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

CONCENTRATED FOR ECONOMY—IN TUBE OR JAR

New ALL STEEL TOP-1942 CROSELEY CAR!



MEETS TODAY'S Defense Economy Demands!

THESE are the times for driving a Crosley. Despite general price rises, the first cost and operating upkeep of the Crosley Car are lowest in auto history—well within the most modest budget. Imagine equalling the mileage of Cannon Ball Baker, and getting 60 miles to the gallon easily, when he drove his Crosley from coast to coast and half way back again. Covered 6,517.3 miles. Used 129 1/4 gallons of gas; averaged 50.40 miles. Touring operating costs approximate that of long distance phone call. With this amazing economy and with a gasoline shortage and curtailment, it's patriotic to drive a Crosley!

NOW GREATLY IMPROVED FOR '42

After two years of constant testing and improving, the Crosley Car is perfected and completely modernized. Has sure and positive starting; greater acceleration; better hill climbing ability; motor is sturdier, more rugged. And now the brand new, all-steel top, two-door, four-passenger sedan with all safety glass is added to the line, which includes convertibles, station wagon, panel, pick-up and parkway delivery models.

DRIVER AGENTS Write
If we have no dealer in your territory, write for special driver agency proposition.
F. O. B. Factory
Prices Start \$325

DISTRIBUTORS and DEALERS WANTED
Auto dealers facing a car shortage and augmenting sales and maintaining organizations by adding the Crosley line. Write for offer.
THE CROSELEY CORPORATION
Dept. 985, Cincinnati, O.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



Don't Gamble Guard against trouble from Minor Injuries—Burns, Cuts

Scratches, Bruises or Scalds. Be wise. Guard against infections which may "lay you up." Cleanse wound instantly. Then apply effective, inhibitory antiseptic OIL-O-SOL (Formerly Oil-of-Salt). Used for over 40 years in thousands of factories, garages, industrial first aid stations, fire departments and homes. Works four ways: Combats infection; helps check oozing of blood; stimulates healing; quickly helps relieve pain. Only 50¢ at your neighborhood drug store. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get Moss's OIL-O-SOL today on this guarantee.



"WHO SAID GOOD BLADES HAVE TO BE HIGH PRICED?"

Marlin shavers say:
"We get more and better shaves for less money!"

DOUBLE EDGE
20 FOR 25¢
Single Edge 15 for 25¢

Guaranteed by Marlin Firearms Co.—Fine Guns Since 1870

"I've got the tickets inside. It won't take a sec."

"Oh, come, Peter," said Mrs. Bimcoe. She had a gentle, clear voice. "We have a couple of minutes to spare."

"Oh, all right!" said Bimcoe, annoyed, and I realized that the prospect of seeing Murder with a Laugh had him all a-quiver.

He went in. Janet had gotten the Sloanes to sit down again. But Mrs. Sloane's foot was going impatiently, and on Mr. Sloane's legal face was a vague, disgusted smile. I made the introductions.

"Pleased to meet you all," said Bimcoe jovially. "But I'm afraid we'll have to be going. On our way to the theater," he explained happily. "Only stopped in to pick up the tickets."

The legal eyebrows went up. "Tickets!" said Sloane.

"Yep. Two for Murder with a Laugh."

The legal eyes narrowed. "Funny. We just dropped in for the same reason—a couple of tickets for Murder with a Laugh." He smiled sourly. "Maybe you'll have better luck than we did."

Glub! That was the sound of a lady going to pieces. Janet fell into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

★ EVERYBODY looked at her, and Mrs. Bimcoe said, "My dear Mrs. Brooks!" in a very kindly tone. I cleared my throat hard.

"I'll tell," I said. "Once upon a time there were two tickets for Murder with a Laugh. We couldn't use them, so I promised them to Mr. and Mrs. Bimcoe, here. And while I was doing that my wife unwittingly promised them to Mr. and Mrs. Sloane, here. I finally located two more. They're at the box office. But now I can't find the first pair. So—so we're right back to the start—two tickets and four people! Kind of—kind of funny, in a way, isn't it?"

"So that was it!" said Sloane.

"That's it!" I said.

Mrs. Sloane rose. "It's quite all right!" she said glacially. "Mr. and Mrs. Bimcoe may have the tickets. We do not mind at all."

"Oh, dear, that wouldn't be fair at all!" said Mrs. Bimcoe quickly. "You folks were here first and you're entitled to the tickets. Don't you agree, Peter?"

"What?" His big face got redder; his lips got tight. In fact, his wife's gracious yielding up of the precious pasteboards to Murder with a Laugh seemed to strip the very veneer of civilization from him. He gave her a bitter, startled look. "I don't know!" he snarled. "I'm not sure!"

Mrs. Sloane's laugh tinkled icily. "Well, good night!" she said.

Janet jumped up. "Oh, don't go yet, Mrs. Sloane. We haven't settled it yet. Oh, there must be a civilized way of arranging a thing like this fairly for everybody. Let's think. Please, everybody, think!"

I was inspired. "How about tossing a coin?" I said.

"Tossing a coin is a wonderful idea!" said Mrs. Bimcoe.

Janet turned to the Sloanes. Mrs. Sloane nodded. "I'm agreeable if everybody else is," Mr. Sloane said, and he looked hard at Bimcoe.

"How about it, Mr. Bimcoe?" I feebly asked.

He glared at me like a cornered old wolf. "Oh, don't mind me! Go ahead and toss your coin."

"Thank you, Mr. Bimcoe, thank you very much. What do you cry, Mr. Bimcoe?" I said respectfully. "Heads or tails?"

"Oh—heads!" he snapped.

I tossed. I swallowed. "Sorry. It's tails, Mr. Bimcoe."

"Look," said Sloane. "I'm sure going to this show means a lot more to these good people than to us, so I am quite prepared to ignore this coin tossing and—"

"I should say not!" interrupted Mrs. Bimcoe. "You won the tossing and you're entitled to go. Now run along, and have a very nice time."

"Well—" Mr. Sloane looked around. "If you really insist—"

"Oh, yes, yes; we certainly do; yes, yes!" said Bimcoe, and, plumping himself down on the sofa, he savagely picked up a magazine.

"Now, really," said Mr. Sloane—but Janet already had me writing out a check for the tickets at the box office. I pressed it into his reluctant hand.

"Have a good time, folks," said Mrs. Bimcoe benignly.

"This is awfully nice of you, really," said Mrs. Sloane, and, with a gracious wave to one and all, hurried out with her husband.

We heard their car starting. Bimcoe flung down the magazine.

"Come on, Martha; we may as well go home now!" he snarled.

"Won't you stay for a little bridge?" said Janet.

"We'd love to!" said Mrs. Bimcoe sweetly. "Just the thing to calm you down, Peter," she said.

Mr. Bimcoe stared at her as if he could not believe his ears. Then he sat down again, and if ever a man could be said to pick up a magazine in a profane way, it was the president of Majestic Macaroni just now.

★ WE had some drinks, and the ladies, who seemed to have taken quite a liking to each other, chatted in friendly fashion. Then we sat down to the cards, and that was a nightmare. Deprived of his evening's murders, Bimcoe grunted and grumbled and glared at me, and I knew the contract was as dead as last month's song hit.

I was on edge. Even the sound of Shnugie scampering across the dining-room floor bothered me. Then he came trotting into the living room, carrying something in his mouth.

"Go away. Whatever it is, we don't want any," I said.

But Janet gasped, "Victor—look—aren't those the tickets?"

"Well, what do you know?" I said.

"Here, Shnugie!" I grabbed the little envelope. "What do you know? He hid them in the other room and now he's dug them up!"

"What—the tickets?" said Bimcoe. "You don't say!" The light of an incredulous hope shone in his eyes. He put down his cards. "You mean we can go to the show, after all?" he quavered.

"Well, that's up to you, Mr. Bimcoe. It's kind of late—"

"Don't you worry about that, Martha!"

"Peter, half the first act must be over by now!"

He was already on his feet. "What's the diff?" He was like an old lion who has suddenly sniffed blood on the breeze. "Come on, Martha. I'm sure Mr. and Mrs. Brooks will excuse us."

"Of course!" said Janet.

"My dear, you really don't mind, do you?" said Mrs. Bimcoe.

"Not at all. But you must come over again very soon, though. I insist!" said my wife.

"Very glad to," said Mrs. Bimcoe, "and I really mean it."

Their wish was to be realized a lot sooner than they thought.

★ AFTER they left, Janet and I grabbed each other and it was a nice reconciliation.

We were doing a conga, with Shnugie barking wildly about our feet, when the phone rang. Janet was near it and she answered.

"Hello!" she said, and then turned white. "No!" she said. "No. Oh, Mr. Sloane, don't tell me that!"

"Sloane?" I cried. "What in—"

She slapped her hand on the receiver. "They didn't hold the tickets at the box office!" she gulped. "The Sloanes got there five minutes after curtain-time and the box office had just sold them."

Sloane's voice scratched. Janet gasped, "I know. It's awful, Mr. Sloane. But—er—can't the matter be adjusted somehow?"

"How?" barked Sloane.

"Well—er—Mr. and Mrs. Bimcoe are on their way to the theater, for one thing," Janet laughed shrilly. "The tickets turned up. Uh-huh. Your dog hid them and then he found them. So—er—maybe you can—er—make some kind of a deal with the Bimcoes. I—er—I am thinking, for instance, maybe Mr. Bimcoe might be willing for Mrs. Sloane and Mrs. Bimcoe to use the tickets and you two boys could—er—take in a picture or something."

"Wait a minute!" I said. "What is this you are saying?"

But Janet looked at me, and my voice went dead. She was listening.

"You'll try it?" she said. "Oh, thank you, Mr. Sloane. Thank you so much! Please call up and tell us what happened. Thank you."

She put down the phone. "Don't look at me like that!" she said. "I have done the best I could."

"You have lost me my best pros-

pect in three years, that's what you have done!" I cried. "He is nuts about mystery plays, and I managed to get him off to one at last, and now he is going to find out he has to go to some lousy movie instead! How will I look him in the face again? Tell me that!"

"I have had enough tonight," said Janet. "I have had enough. I have had enough. I have had enough!"

After we had discussed this in full, fifteen minutes later I was walking up and down the living room very rapidly, while Janet, in a chair, with one hand over her eyes, was uttering a moan now and then, when the phone rang. This time I grabbed it.

I was nearly paralyzed. "What? Mrs. Bimcoe?" I said. "Why—why aren't you in the theater?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Sloane are in the theater," she said. "They are using our tickets. . . . What? Oh, yes; Mr. Sloane proposed that Mrs. Sloane and myself use the tickets and he and Mr. Bimcoe would go off and have a few friendly beers, but I wouldn't hear of that. I do not believe in coming between man and wife, Mr. Brooks. So I made Peter toss a coin to see which couple would use the tickets."

"And—you lost."

"We lost," she said serenely.

"Heavenly days!" I said.

"Don't you worry, Mr. Brooks. It's all for the best. Mr. Bimcoe would have gone mad trying to figure out what happened on the stage before

THE FLEET'S IN but only one "gob" made the grade



He Douses His Hair: So she dropped him. The fleet's No. 1 Gunner, but the lady said, "No". Because he soaks his hair with water. Leaves it looking like a mop. Should have used Kreml.



He Greases It: So she left him. Bosun's mate and best-liked by the men...but his hair—ugh! Sticky and gooey. A refreshing rub with Kreml and he'd have gone "full speed ahead."



He Shines It: So she spurned him. Simple seaman. He looks so old with his waning hair. Can't get a girl in any port. Too bad. Should have tried Kreml. It checks excessive falling hair.



He Uses Kreml: So She Hooked Him. She runs loving fingers through his handsome hair. Daily use of Kreml, the trusted tonic-dressing, keeps his hair looking naturally well groomed—without being greasy. Removes dandruff scales, too.

FOR everyday hair protection—use Kreml. Kreml checks excessive falling hair. Removes ugly dandruff scales. Kreml keeps your hair neat and natural-looking. Gives it a silky, soft sheen.

Women like Kreml, too. Find it wonderful before and after permanents.

Ask for Kreml at any drug or department

store. Insist on it at your barber shop.

A fine follow-up for the daily use of Kreml is the once-a-week wash with Kreml Shampoo. It's made from an 80% olive oil base. Cleanses your scalp tingling clean. Leaves your hair soft and lustrous—easy to comb. Try Kreml Shampoo this weekend...try Kreml Hair Tonic today!

DON'T USE WATER USE

KREML



REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

we got in. Now, if you and Mrs. Brooks don't mind, we'll just mosey back and finish our bridge game."

"Mind? We'd be delighted. I don't know how to thank you, Mrs. Bimcoe. You're swell. Er—how is Mr. Bimcoe taking it?"

"He'll be all right by the time we get to your place," she said calmly. "Good-by!"

★ BUT Bimcoe was not all right when they got back to our place.

He looked punch-drunk. Not even the dainty liverwurst on white and the beer Saffy had set out took the dizzy look out of his eyes. He wolfed down one sandwich after another in a dazed way and did not say one word to anybody.

It was a relief to sit down to cards again.

And in the middle of the very first hand the phone rang again, and I got up and answered.

"Hello—Mr. Brooks?" said a snooty feminine voice.

"Mrs. Sloane!" I said. Janet's head came up and her hand went to her heart. "Aren't you in the theater, either?" I gasped.

"This is the intermission. Oh, yes, thank you; we're having a very nice time. We missed the first murder, but when we came in, the hands of an invisible person were just strangling a man in a cellar. Lovely! Now," she said, "will you please put Shnugie on the phone?"

"Oh, the dog! You want to speak to him?"

She laughed tenderly. "I always call him when I'm out for the evening. He just loves it. Put him on, please."

"Just a moment." I turned to Janet, who was looking at me in a haggard way again. "Everything's O. K.," I said. "She only wants to talk to her dog. Where is he?" I whispered, hand on mouthpiece.

Janet sighed with relief. "In the kitchen with Saffy. I'll get him. Excuse me." She dashed off.

While I chatted with Mrs. Sloane some more, I heard Janet calling Shnugie in the kitchen. I then heard the voice of Saffronetta. It had a wailing note. The two voices rose together, and then Janet burst in, with Saffronetta waddling behind, eyes rolling.

"He's gone!" gasped Janet as I slapped my hand on the phone. "Shnugie's gone!"

"Ah jes' wen' out one second, an' dat dawg he done must slide right out de back doah!" said our maid.

"Please hurry," said Mrs. Sloane. "I haven't much time."

"What'll we do?" I gulped. "She wants her dog."

Janet lost her head. "Bark!" she said frantically.

"What?" I said.

"Bark. That's all any dog can do. Hurry. Don't keep her waiting. Bark!"

"What in—no, not me!" I looked at Mr. Bimcoe. To my surprise, he was

looking rather interested in the proceedings.

"Go ahead. Let's hear you bark," he said.

I gulped. "Well, you're the boss." Then I turned to the phone. "Woof!" I said hoarsely.

"Lordy!" said Saffronetta.

"Is this my 'itty nitty dumpkins-pie?" cooed Mrs. Sloane.

"Woof-woof!" I said.

"How is mother's joy? Is he happy away from his mama?"

"Woof!" I said. But suddenly her

THE AUTHOR



Crosby George was born in New York City and studied at New York University. He has traveled extensively in Europe, is the author of one novel, and has written for magazines and for the movies. His wife, Rose George, writes serious fiction. He weeps readily at her stories. Mr. George says; she laughs heartily at his.

voice changed. "Wait! What is going on? That is not my Shnugie on the wire."

"Woof!" I said desperately.

"Stop this nonsense. Where is Shnugie?" she cried.

The perspiration came down my back in a warm sheet. I ground my hand against the mouthpiece. "She knows I'm not her dog," I said. "What'll we do? We can't tell her he's lost. She'll go nuts!"

Janet sat down, paralyzed. But Mrs. Bimcoe got up and came over to me quickly. "Let me handle this!" she said.

She took the phone from me. "Just a minute, Mrs. Sloane," she said. "The dog is in the basement and we have sent for him, and in the meantime Mr. Brooks thought he'd have a little fun with you. No harm meant." She put her hand against the phone and looked at her husband. "Peter!" she said.

But Majestic Macaroni had already risen, a curious light in his eyes. His wife turned to us.

"He gives the most wonderful imitations you ever heard," she said. "Every kind you can imagine, but especially dogs. Peter," she said, "the barking imitation."

Janet and I stared. Gone was Peter

Bimcoe's sullenness and grumpiness. He looked alert, alive to the very fingertips.

"What kind of a dog is it?" he asked briskly.

"Airedale," I said.

"Airedale—O. K." He cleared his throat.

"Here he is now," said Mrs. Bimcoe sweetly into the phone.

"Awrrrrr—woof!" said Mr. Bimcoe.

It was marvelous. With eyes shut I would have been absolutely convinced it was a dog barking and not Peter Bimcoe.

Mrs. Sloane's voice scratched in the phone.

"Again!" whispered Mrs. Bimcoe.

"Awrrrrr—woof!" he said. "Arf—arf—woof!"

Mrs. Sloane's voice rose. Mrs. Bimcoe answered: "Don't mention it. I hope your heart is at rest now and you'll enjoy the rest of the play." She hung up. "Well, there you are!" she said, smiling at us. "Everything is all right."

"Thank you, Mrs. Bimcoe," I said. "Mr. Bimcoe," I said fervently, "that was the best imitation of a dog I have ever heard. It had everything."

"Mr. Bimcoe, you're a genius!" breathed Janet.

"Oh, it was nothing!" said Majestic Macaroni.

"You should hear him doing a plane either taking off or landing," said Mrs. Bimcoe. "Or a mosquito bothering you in bed. Peter, do the mosquito," she said.

"We'd love to hear it," said Janet timidly. "But—hadn't we better try to find the dog first?"

"Of course!" said Bimcoe. He was all animation now. "Let me organize this. Mrs. Brooks, will you personally search the house, upstairs and down, thoroughly?"

Saffronetta said, "'Scuse me, sah, he done run out of de house."

"I am taking care of that!" barked Bimcoe. "Got a flashlight, Brooks? Good. Bring it, and Mrs. Bimcoe and I will search your garden. You run over to the dog's home; he may have gone back there. Suppose we all report back here in fifteen minutes. Let's go!"

★ I WAS back in about twenty, having investigated the Sloane premises, calling out, "Shnugie—here, Shnugie!" a couple of hundred times without getting even an echo in reply.

I found everybody in the living room, looking very doleful.

"Well?" cried Janet. I shook my head. "Some one has stolen him!" she cried. "How can I face the Sloanes now? This will kill her!" She became rigid. "Listen—what's that?"

It was again the sound of a car stopping at our house. Janet turned very pale. "No—it can't be!" she said.

It was. As I opened the door, the Sloanes charged in.

"Where is my Shnugie?" demanded Mrs. Sloane.

"Why, Mrs. Sloane, you didn't leave the show right in the middle to come back here for your dog!" I exclaimed.

"I certainly did. Did you think I was fooled by that fool barking on the phone? Where is my dog?" she said fiercely.

Mr. Bimcoe was red. "Calm yourself, madam," he said testily.

She gave him a furious look and turned to Janet. "Where is he?"

"He slipped out while we were playing bridge," mumbled Janet.

"Did you hear that, Edgar?" gasped Mrs. Sloane. "I told you something happened to Shnugie!"

"Easy, easy, dear," said Sloane.

"He's been stolen. He's run over. He's dead!" moaned Mrs. Sloane, and collapsed into a chair.

And then, as we all looked at her, and her husband bent over her and began to chafe her hands, a truly heavenly sound broke into the room. It was the voice of Saffronetta.

"Yoh come along now, dawg!" she panted. "Yoh done bring enough trouble here tonight!"

And there she came, waddling into the room, breathing hard as she held on to Shnugie's collar.

"Baby!" cried Mrs. Sloane.

☆ SAFFY had found him visiting a dog called Dottie who lived two houses away.

After our maid had left, beaming at our words of praise, Mrs. Bimcoe said, "Mrs. Sloane, I want to apologize for trying to deceive you over the phone, and so does Mr. Bimcoe. We merely wanted to spare you unnecessary suffering while we looked for the dog."

In her relief Mrs. Sloane's snottiness had vanished. "It was the best imitation of a dog I have ever heard," she graciously said. "If it had been any one but Shnugie I certainly would have been fooled." And she smiled at Mr. Bimcoe.

He got redder and said it was nothing. And I told Sloane how sorry I was they had not been able to see the whole play.

"That's O. K.," said Sloane. "We had no right to those tickets, in the first place. I should never have let these good people force them on us."

"It was all my fault," said Janet. "If I hadn't refused to go to the theater with my husband, nothing of all this would have happened at all."

I had a brilliant idea. "You've got to let us square this, folks," I said. "Will you all come to Murder with a Laugh with Mrs. Brooks and myself, say, Saturday night?"

Mrs. Bimcoe said at once, "Why, that would be delightful, Mr. Brooks!" And Mrs. Sloane, still hugging Shnugie, laughed and said, "Lovely!"

Then Mrs. Bimcoe gave Mr. Bimcoe a significant look. "Since we are going to celebrate Saturday, it seems we might as well have something to celebrate."

"What? Oh! Oh, yes!" he said. "Er—Brooks, I have about decided to let you have that radio contract. You ought to have Mrs. Bimcoe on your sales staff. She talked me into it on the way back here from the theater!"

THE END



Car engineers "turn on the heat"—and the cold in testing spark plugs for equipment use

Those plugs in your automobile took a terrific beating before the car engineers okayed them for equipment. They were scorched in top speed, non-stop runs in the desert in midsummer. They were required to snap frosted engines into instant life in the Arctic chill of "cold rooms." They were made to run the gantlet of proving ground and laboratory torture. And this goes on all year long,—every year!

So, when you find AC Spark Plugs used more than any others for new car equipment, *it means something*. It means reliability, efficiency, full value for the money. It means, in plain language, that you can be *sure* of best plug satisfaction when you drive with AC's.

These are AC Equipped for '41

Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Nash, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac motor cars; Chevrolet, Diamond T, Federal, GMC, and International Trucks; Allis-Chalmers, J. I. Case, Cletrac and International Harvester Tractors . . . these are some of the well-known cars, trucks, and tractors which use AC Quality Spark Plugs. Trust your spark plug requirements to the same brand of spark plugs which the leading, big-volume manufacturers select.



AC
SPARK PLUGS

HOW TO CONTINUE GOOD PLUG PERFORMANCE



Have your spark plugs checked, cleaned, and regapped every 4,000 miles—for the small cost of just 5c each. Clean plugs save gas.

Get Plugs Cleaned where you see this Sign



AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • General Motors Corporation • FLINT, MICHIGAN

DARLING . . HELLO!—Continued from Page 15

state of affairs in the Whitcomb ménage. . . . Just a vase broken this time. Will you excuse me while I mop it up?"

She set Perk on the floor, patted the silver-blond head, touched Candy's head lightly too, said, "Now run along, you two. And try to act like sisters for a change. Pretend you're friends."

Oh, poor girl, Miss Bishop thought. She's exhausted. Trying to put a light face on it, but you can see. The children are too much for her. And now this trip. What a load for those shoulders! Isn't it a pity. . . . Her own life spread calm and peaceful. Marriage, she thought, sitting down on the sofa. Motherhood. Only sentimentalists could see anything in it.

"Could I help?" she asked.

"No, thanks," Jan said. "I could pick up shattered glass in my sleep, I think. . . . Maurine's coming this afternoon," she added.

"Maurine," Miss Bishop said. "How lovely! I do hope I—"

"Heavens, no. She'll be pleased to see you."

☆ I WONDER, Miss Bishop thought. She didn't care for Maurine. Or for her work. She had written rather a scathing critique on Maurine's last exhibit and she didn't think Maurine had taken it very well. Indifferent. Oh, well, she thought, young people live in such a small world. There's their own clique, and its praise is all that matters to them. As for the larger, the wider—

Maurine was going about with Joe Carpenter. She'd marry; the children would come; and that's the last you'd hear from her. Look at Jan. She was sitting down now, smiling; but one ear was alert for the children, her body was ready to spring and rush to them at the first sound of a fall. And attempting to carry on a serious conversation with her was like—

"The children are lovely," Miss Bishop said, "but sometimes I wonder—"

"You're right," Jan said, laughing. "It's not all flushed sleepy faces and bedtime stories. It's more on the broken-vase order."

Miss Bishop smiled too, gently, understandingly. "And you're still planning to take that trip across the continent. . . ." It was not a question; it was a statement thick with incredulity; the words seemed to be shaking their heads in amazement.

"Oh, yes. . . . After all, you can stand anything for ten days. And it might be fun."

"You're very brave," Miss Bishop said. "I never hear you complain."

"You make me feel as though I have things to complain of," Jan said. "Look out, or you'll have me hunting them up."

"Any one can see you're very happy," Miss Bishop said. "And yet—"

She folded a pleat in her skirt. "Here's Maurine now," Jan said.

A car door had slammed and now

there were light steps running up to the porch. A tap on the door, and before Jan could get to it Maurine had pushed it open. "Hi, Jan," she said. "I'll bet I can help you pack. . . . Oh, hello, Miss Bishop. Nice to see you."

☆ BUT I hope you aren't staying, Maurine thought. It wasn't that she didn't like Miss Bishop well enough, but she wanted to talk to Jan, and Miss Bishop always went on interminably about something she "was thinking the other day." She's probably lonely, Maurine thought, and then quickly she asked, "How are the children?" because for the moment she didn't want to consider Miss Bishop, who lived alone and was probably lonely.

"Oh, fine," Jan said. "Tearing up the place as usual. . . . I should have some one in to look after them, but



"Where are the strings that have to be pulled for a parking ticket?"

I've been so excited about the house that I've been saving every penny for it."

"And now you won't have it," Miss Bishop said. "Isn't it a pity!"

Why does she always remind you of the things that are a pity? Maurine wondered. And quickly she said, "You'll have it next year."

"Maybe. . . . Anyway, it'll give us more time to argue about it. We started out with two completely different ideas of what a house should be and gradually wore them down to one. Now we can start all over."

Miss Bishop smiled again, gently. "When I built my little house, I remember how happy I was to know that I had no one to please but myself. I had everything just exactly as I wanted it. Of course my money was limited, but what I had to spend was spent on what I wanted. I often wonder whether a house a family builds suits anybody in it. They're always selling or remodeling. And my little house sits there, exactly what I want. And when I close the door I shut out the world. And in it is everything I want."

"You don't know how I envy you," Jan said. "Sometimes when I see you come home and know you're going to a house that's in perfect order and can do anything you want to do without being interrupted, I turn practically green."

There you are, Joe, Maurine thought. I was right. The answer is no. Even Jan admits it.

"Yes," Miss Bishop said. "I have often thought that you must envy me. My life must seem quite perfect."

And then Maurine saw Jan's eyes widen, saw amazement still Jan's hands. Why, Maurine thought, she was just being polite. She was saying what she thought was a nice comforting thing to say to a lonely woman. . . . She feels sorry for her.

The phone rang then, and Jan rose to answer it. Maurine sat looking at Miss Bishop's dry, aged face, listening to the voice that went on and on because it was lonely. She saw Jan pick up the receiver, heard her light quick voice answering. Then, holding the mouthpiece, Jan said, "It's long distance. It's Whit." And in her face anxiety and radiance succeeded each other.

Maurine could feel Jan's excited thought swinging between the two emotions: It's Whit! It's Whit! . . . Oh, what if something's happened to him!

And Maurine thought, What phone could ring, what voice could speak, that would do that to me? What voice could put that look on Miss Bishop's face?

☆ "HELLO," Jan said. "Hello. . . . Yes. Fine. Fine. We're all right. How are you?"

"I'm O. K.," Whit said in that deep, dear voice that, now that she heard it again, was the only voice in the world. "I just suddenly wanted to call you. . . . I just wanted to say hello."

Oh, darling, Jan thought, I just want to say hello, too. Oh, if you could just walk in the door this minute so that I could say hello! "Hello," she said, and her voice was low, scarcely more than a whisper.

"Do you remember?" Whit said. "That night you phoned?"

"Yes," Jan said. "Yes."

"Don't ever forget it."

"No," Jan said. "No."

"You're still coming, aren't you?"

"Of course. Right away. I don't know why I should wait a week. I can be packed in three days."

"That's still nearly two weeks until I see you."

"I know. . . . I wish I had started ten days ago. Then we'd be arriving now. Pretend we are," she said. "We'll be there in a minute."

"I wouldn't dare think of it," Whit said, "or I couldn't wait two weeks. . . . Do you think you can make the trip all right?"

"Oh, simple," Jan said. "Oh, simple." How could I have thought it would be difficult? How could it be difficult when every mile is a mile closer to him?

When she hung up the receiver she sat for a moment holding the phone, as if his voice were still in it; reluctant to turn to Miss Bishop and Maurine; reluctant to break this contact with Whit. Oh, darling, she thought. Hello, hello, hello.

Miss Bishop was at the door when Jan turned away from the phone. "I must go," she said. "I meant to stay only a moment."

And when Miss Bishop was gone, Maurine rose. "I'm going too," she said, "so you can keep that look on your face. . . Don't protest. You know very well you want to think about Whit. . . And anyway," she added, when she stepped out on the porch, "I'm in a hurry to phone Joe. And if I ever regret it, it's on your head. If you hadn't looked so darned happy while you held that phone, I'd have said no."

★ MISS BISHOP took her key out of the mailbox, opened her door, stepped softly inside, and closed the door behind her. She went to the closet and put her hat on a shelf, put her coat on a hanger, closed the door carefully. Back in the living room, she picked up a petal that had fallen from a vase and now her house was in perfect order again. Her evening fire was laid; her cushions were plump and perfectly spaced; her manuscripts were neat in their shallow drawers.

Peace. Order. Everything exactly as I want it, she thought, remembering with a shudder the thumps and shrieks of the children. How does Jan stand it?

She stood for a moment, looking about her. It was still too light to turn on a lamp. It was not quite time to start her dinner. . . The gardener was working when she came home. She went out now onto the porch to speak to him, but he was gone. She stood there, looking at the quiet street, the quiet yard. And then she went in.

For a moment she stayed by the door, unable to think of what it was that she wanted to do. Then she went to the refrigerator and brought out a lamb chop. She went to the cupboard and got a can of peas. Her movements were slow and deliberate, for it was still a little early to be starting dinner.

Poor Jan, she thought. Poor Jan. Isn't it a pity!

★ JAN, on her knees beside the tub, lifted Perk out and stood her on the mat to dry her. Candy, already dry, was struggling into her pajamas. Seeing them standing there, their bodies pink and warm, Candy's eyes dark like her own, Perk's blue like Whit's, Jan felt a great ache of gratitude and love fill her. She put an arm around each small body and drew them to her.

"We're going to North Carolina," she whispered. "We're going to see pop." She pulled their heads close to her cheeks and held them as she wanted to hold Whit. "Oh, darling, darling, darlings. We're going to see pop!"

THE END

Imagine! "Tightwad" Thompson saying:

"Waiter
Bring Me
33 FINE
BREWS!"



A MIRACLE!
"TIGHTWAD" THOMPSON'S
ORDERING FOR THE
WHOLE GANG!

WAIT!... THE WAITER'S
ONLY BRINGING
ONE BOTTLE!

G-A-A-Y, THOMPSON.
THOUGHT YOU SAID:
**BRING 33 FINE
BREWS - NOT ONE!**

SO I DID!
BUT THIS IS
"33 IN ONE"...
**PABST BLUE
RIBBON!**

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN BY
"33 IN ONE"?

PABST BLENDS **33**
FINE BREWS TO MAKE
ONE GREAT BEER...
ER - HAVE ONE
ON ME... AND YOU'LL
SEE WHAT I MEAN!

THEN "TIGHTWAD" TREATS!

YOU SEE "33 TO 1"
BLENDING - MAKES
BLUE RIBBON SMOOTHER,
FINER, TASTIER...
ALWAYS THE SAME!

BLUE RIBBON BEER IS **TOPS** FOR
MY MONEY. "TIGHTWAD"... ER
THOMPSON! THANKS FOR THAT
SWELL TIP ON "33 TO 1"!

IT'S **"33 TO 1"**... OUR FRIEND THOMPSON
"TREATED US RIGHT" WHEN HE INTRODUCED US TO
PABST BLUE RIBBON! LIKE THE FINEST COFFEE AND
CHAMPAGNE... **EXPERT BLENDING** MAKES IT
SMOOTHER... TASTIER... UNIFORMLY DELICIOUS!

"Next time, why don't you
treat yourself to PABST BLUE
RIBBON? . . . Remember, '33
TO 1' BLENDING makes it
your best bet in beer!"

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee



**33 Fine Brews Blended
To Make ONE Great Beer!**

Enjoy it in full or club size bot-
tles, handy cans, and on draft
at better places everywhere.

... IT'S SMOOTHER
... IT'S TASTIER
IT NEVER VARIES

Get the most from your engine
by being sure
the spark plugs are

CHAMPIONS!



Today Champions provide advantages, not found in other spark plugs, which are not only present in the plugs themselves but are transmitted to the engines they equip in real, tangible results in operating economy and better engine performance.

In the forefront of Champion's many exclusive and patented features is the revolutionary Sillment seal which banishes troublesome gas or compression leakage common to ordinary spark plugs. Since leakage in even one spark plug in a set will cause rough, uneven and wasteful engine operation, you can see how vital this development is in securing the best performance with greatest economy from your engine.

If your car is not performing as it should, have the spark plugs tested by a Champion

dealer. Remember, it's sound practice to change all spark plugs, Champions included, at least every 10,000 miles. Remember, too, Champions are the choice of racing champions and most motorists everywhere.



Champion's exclusive Sillment seal is your safeguard against a widespread outbreak of engine troubles due to spark plugs. This patented seal prevents troublesome gas or compression leakage at these two vital points. When such leakage occurs it causes overheating, pre-ignition, rough, sluggish and wasteful engine operation. Remember only Champions are Sillment sealed.

You're always ahead with Champion!
SPARK PLUGS

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

★ LOU NOVA may beat Joe Louis September 29 at the Polo Grounds with his cosmic clout, his yogi yank, or his San Quentin swat—but I doubt it. Lou will need a whole lot more than a lot of baloney to take the heavyweight title from Louis. In spite of all the hullabaloo about Louis slipping, I believe he will be a better fighter against Nova than he was against any of the men he fought in the past year.

Recently I ran across George Nicholson, the big candid Negro sparring partner who has helped train Joe for nearly all of his important battles.

BY JACK DEMPSEY

Sports Editor of Liberty

"How's Joe doing?" I asked him. "Well, Mistah Dempsey, Ah'd say he was enervatin'. He sho' does wear you down—wid dem body punches, Ah mean." And George rubbed his stomach ruefully.

"Is Joe slipping?"

"Yassuh," said George emphatically, "he's slippin' fine! He's slippin' dem punches you shoot at him like nobody's business, and den he slips over a couple on you—and dey mean business!"

I had thought that when I wrote this article it would be about "the kid's last fight," but now I don't think so. Many things have occurred since this match was made. Louis' personal affairs have become more complex. A few months ago I believe he had fully made up his mind to retire after this fight—he had been quoted to that effect. More recently, however, he has declared that now he has no thought of retiring. One of his close friends recently hinted that "certain things have cost him more than any one knows about." Because of his changing circumstances, he has had to change his plans.

In doping out this fight, these things must be taken into consideration, for they supply an incentive for Louis. He realizes that he must whip Nova in order to stage a return match with Billy Conn, which no doubt would draw a million dollars net, what with picture and radio rights.

Ray Carlen, calm, efficient little

ick Joe Louis

He has things to fight for now,
says the ex-champ . . . If Lou
Nova wins the title, he's good!



manager of Nova, told me the other day: "Lou will be in perfect condition, keen and confident, and I know it will take a much better fighter than Louis has been for the last year to beat him." I agree that Nova has apparently recovered from the blood poisoning which was sapping his vitality when Tony Galento knocked him out, and will be at his best.

So, for the sake of argument, we'll assume both fighters will be at their best. Will Nova's best be good enough to cope with Louis? Let's see.

Both men are about a couple of inches over six feet in height, weigh about 200 pounds in fighting condition, and are at the average age of fighting greatness, Nova being twenty-six and Louis twenty-seven.

From there on, Louis seems to have the better of it on all counts. On their entire past records Nova suffers greatly by comparison, so it will be fairer to confine ourselves to their last couple of fights, especially since Nova was out of the running for about a year, through his illness. He gave Patrick Edward Comiskey an artistic lacing and knocked out Max Baer in eight rounds. In neither fight did he impress me as having more than a remote chance with Joe Louis.

In his battle with Max Baer in Madison Square Garden on last April 4, Nova made some glaring mistakes.

For instance, in the fourth round he took a wild wallop on the head which everybody in the Garden could see coming, except Nova. He sagged on the lower rope with one knee on the canvas, and he came up without taking a count. This was a mistake, for he seemed rather unsteady on his pins, but Baer had shot his bolt. From then on Nova had it all pretty much his own way, until in the eighth he landed a right to the jaw which didn't seem any harder than several others just like it that he had landed, yet which sent Baer to the floor.

When Max arose at the count of nine, Nova carefully measured him for another right and fitted it neatly on his jaw, and again Maxie went down, and the referee called it a night so far as Max was concerned. That first blow which felled Baer, by the way, was Nova's "cosmic punch," according to him. He didn't explain why the others just like it hadn't been cosmic also.

This so-called cosmic punch was taught to Lou by Wolstan Crocker Brown, whom he describes as a former professor at Yale who has a theory about "human dynamics" which has to do with body balance. Before his fight with Comiskey, Nova's footwork was clumsy, to put it mildly. When Mr. Brown offered to show him how to "acquire proper balance," he was a

willing pupil, and now he believes he not only knows how to use his feet properly but also how to punch harder and take punishment better.

Before acquiring the cosmic punch, he put in a season with Oom the Omnipotent, otherwise Dr. Pierre Bernard, on the doctor's yogi estate in Nyack, New York. It was there that Nova learned to be a yogi and developed his "yogi yank," which at the time he confided was the weapon destined to transform Joe Louis into a jerk.

The San Quentin swat he achieved with the help of William Crump, a convict in San Quentin Prison with whom he trained during his convalescence from blood poisoning. Nova, of course, was not a convict, merely a privileged visitor at the prison.

In his recent public exhibitions Lou has always shown high courage and stamina and a good left hand. In spite of its cosmic qualities, I have not been greatly impressed with his right. He is big, rugged, intelligent, game, and supremely self-confident. He's a good boxer though not a great one, can take a good punch and can hurt you; but, being slower than Conn, is easier to hit.

Joe Louis has one thing in common with Nova—each was knocked sprawling by a Baer, and came on to win by a K. O. In my opinion, Joe's defeat of Buddy Baer was a much more impressive job than Nova's win over older brother Max. Right now I'd wager Buddy could take Max easily. Louis landed often and heavily, and the fact that Buddy stood up under the punishment led some critics to declare Louis had "gone back." They never thought of giving Baer credit for stamina and gameness as well as for his great size and fine condition.

This is Joe's fourth year in the championship. He hasn't been idle and become rusty. Only a couple of months after his epic fight with Billy Conn, he complained that he was "tired of restin'" and clamored to get back into training for Nova. Which, you might infer, bodes no good for Mr. Nova.

If Nova is fortunate enough to win the title from Joe Louis, he will be an extremely popular champion and will continue to be a credit to the boxing game. But even if he loses this fight—which I believe he will, by being knocked out—I think he can still go on and reap a considerable fortune from the prize ring—and I wish him the best of luck!

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

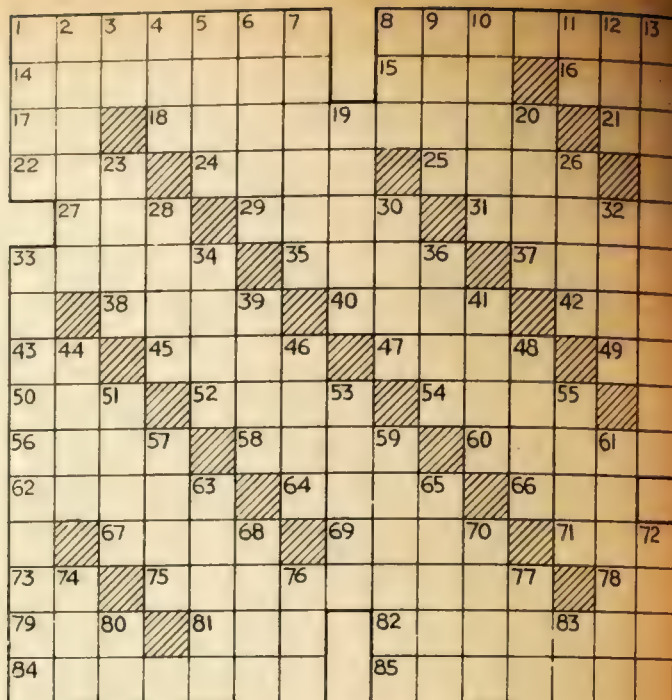
- 1 Collections of jalloppies russian toward the junk pile
- 4 Encircling movements
- 14 Best way to cure this is to forget it
- 15 Pub pop (British)
- 16 Yes in Indian
- 17 It takes 2,000 to make a high weigh (abbr.)
- 18 Wet smack
- 21 Pair of spees
- 22 It has a hard-shelled nut
- 24 Apollo's mom
- 25 Social schtoonk
- 27 Blue
- 29 No need for this on gasless Sundays
- 31 Neuropean
- 33 Substance found under beds
- 35 Drug on radio
- 37 His daughters didn't believe in

- Father's Day
- 38 Vaudeville board-inghouse bathtub occupant
- 40 Every year is this for the pedestrian
- 42 O bone, thy name is Woman!
- 43 Left front bumper in football (abbr.)
- 45 What he did to avoid a sinking spell
- 47 The Man Who Comes Alone
- 49 The Arsenal of Democracy (abbr.)
- 50 America Annihilates Aggression (abbr.)
- 52 If Hitler doesn't take this, he's going to have an awful headache
- 54 Pulls a boner
- 56 Capital of that "unhappy, abject, subject province of Germany" (Latin)
- 58 Windy platform
- 60 19¢ steak
- 62 Aerated sausage
- 64 Mental midget
- 66 Husbandly response
- 67 Hitler adores people who do this uncomplainingly
- 69 Complicated liar
- 71 The Call of the Comic Strips
- 73 Current (abbr.)
- 75 A big tie-up at the docks
- 78 Mascot for lazy puzzlers
- 79 Four-legged Nazi
- 81 Almost near
- 82 Ickes Sundays

- 84 Sock peddler
- 85 The first handkerchiefs

VERTICAL

- 1 A black-and-blue shade
- 2 Guerrilla's parking place
- 3 How he started his first two nillion
- 4 Nickname for Zeb-adiah
- 5 German donkey
- 6 Wot British trynes run hupon
- 7 California Dead Sea
- 8 The reason why There'll Always Be an England (abbr.)
- 9 Difference between man and superman (pl.)
- 10 New Mexicans (if Hitler conquers Mexico)
- 11 Double this and get a honey
- 12 The I's have it
- 13 Big squirt
- 19 Cast the tonsils around the Alps
- 20 Tax on baldheaded guys
- 23 We hope we won't have to do without them on gasless Sundays
- 26 Just a buddy
- 28 Lodge sums
- 30 Leaves the beholder openmouthed
- 32 In love with the vision in the Mirror
- 33 They have a cold past and a rugged future (two words)



- 34 Openmouthed string bean
- 36 What announcers of indigestion ads soon do
- 39 What the hen did
- 41 What baldheaded men can't do
- 44 Cooler in England
- 46 1 part honey, 3 parts boiling water, malt, yeast, spices—fermented
- 48 Marine water
- 51 Friends of Vichy
- 53 Mama Fiddle

- 55 This stands for security
- 57 A word in closing
- 59 Gashouse guttural (pl.)
- 61 This sure gets in an actor's hair
- 63 Point
- 65 Kind of wave
- 67 South Sea maidens hate to get in their hair
- 68 Kind of French who aren't Vichy-Vashy
- 70 Take the weight

- off the rear end and place it on the front dogs
- 72 Smack
- 74 Massachusetts with palm trees (abbr.)
- 76 What bruisers do and call their progenitresses
- 77 If you ment this, you'll be down to first principles
- 80 A final word from Caesar
- 83 Emblem: V (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

LISTEN YOU TWO—BE SENSIBLE!



TAKE this to heart! When you inhale—and *all smokers do, some* of the time—there's increased chance of irritation. So, be guided by the findings of eminent doctors. They discovered:

On comparing—the irritant quality in the smoke of the four other leading brands was found to average more than three times that of the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris . . . and the irritation lasts more than five times as long!

PHILIP MORRIS brings you the delightful flavor and aroma of the world's finest tobaccos—with never a worry about throat irritation. So, be smart! Be sensible! Join the millions who . . .

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Footlight Preview

Plays the New Season
Will Bring

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

★ AN optimist has been variously defined. He has been described as a person who believes that a housefly is looking for a way to get out. He has been described in turn as one who, when he falls on the icy pavement and breaks a leg, is grateful that it wasn't his new derby hat. He may also be described as one who believes that all the plays annually announced for production by the theatrical managers will duly and surely be produced. This article is written for him. And by way of further encouraging his faith in God and man, I not only herewith set down such advance tidings but amplify them with news of plays several of the better known younger dramatists have written or are working on and which the managers have not yet been able to announce simply because they either still have not heard of them or have not been able to lay their hands on them.

In this latter connection, for instance, my private Pinkerton instructs me that John Steinbeck, whose very first try at drama, *Of Mice and Men*, won the Critics' Circle award, is presently toying with a play whose characters, piquantly original to say the least, live in an old abandoned sewer and convert it into a fairly acceptable substitute, at any rate in their own enviable imaginations, for the Ritz. Saroyan has completed the first draft of one play called *Jim Dandy* and is working on still another. *Jim Dandy*, which I have just read in manuscript, throws this challenge to the audience:

"The realm of this play is living space and if fragments of familiar images occupy some of this space it is only for the suggestion of the world which is the outside and familiar. The

play contains no characters, no imitations of people, and no plot taken from what one wretched man sees while walking through the world with all other wretchedness. Its only character is being or, if you will allow it, life."

The scene is designated as "a portion of what we choose to call the fiction room of the Public Library in San Francisco but is actually no such thing." The time is "Any time." What we ordinarily are used to dub characters are proffered as "A Young Man with One Foot in the Grave," "A Young Woman from Away Back," "Anybody," "Anybody Else," "Female," etc. The woman librarian is introduced "reclining on a couch as if she might be Cleopatra, whom she resembles in costume and physical structure." The Young Man with One Foot in the Grave "has his right foot in a miniature casket with bronze handles and a lid, which he lifts occasionally and looks into, and out of which he takes things and into which he puts things." Jim Dandy—the symbolic characters acquire other such names as Fishkin, Jim Crow, Little Johnny, etc.—is "an enormous man, pouting like a hurt child, and looking very much like a bum with manners." As the first-act curtain rises a wild little fellow rushes into the library carrying a book. "This is ridiculous!" he yells. "Give me another book. This book says everything will come if a man will only wait. Well, I've been waiting all my life. Give me another book!" No fooling, that's the play.

Sidney Kingsley will have ready an exhibit about Thomas Jefferson. George Washington and Alexander Hamilton will figure conspicuously in it. The action will cover the signal

events in Jefferson's life and the theme will be the latter's dream of the true democracy. Paul Green will be along with two new ones, the first to be shown being rather in the mood of his *Johnny Johnson*. He describes it roughly as a satire "keyed somewhat to the tone of any early Charlie Chaplin film."

Clifford Odets has ready a play called *Clash by Night*, which is rumored to reflect on current sociology in terms of a laborer and his wife. William Bowers—who made so encouraging a start two years ago with the comedy *Where Do We Go from Here?*—will have a new serious play, *Back to Eden*, which deals with the Arabs, Jews, and British in Palestine. The central characters are a professor of forty and his young wife. He has also recently put the finishing touches on a new lighter play called *Pansy*.

Robert Turney, whose paraphrase of classic Greek drama, *Daughters of Atreus*, attracted favorable critical notice a few seasons back, has finished a new drama, *Empire*, covering in another and somewhat less amorous direction almost as much ground as O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*. O'Neill, incidentally, will not permit his remarkable *The Iceman Cometh*, which I outlined in these pages a year ago, to be presented until next season. He has also nearly completed still another play—these are distinct and apart from his cycle of nine plays known generally as *A Tale of Possessors Self-Dispossessed*—which bears the title *Long Day's Journey into Night*. This, too, he will hold over.

Arthur Hopkins has a script called *Boots for Tomorrow* in which he has great faith. He will not divulge the author's name. My aforementioned

private Pinkerton, however, advises me that the play treats of a Mexican mural painter's vain effort to settle his country's political problems. The chief character is modeled roughly on Diego Rivera. The leading female character is an artist's model who has been the mistress of a political dictator.

In the cards is a play by Howard Koch and John Huston called *Woodrow Wilson*, dealing with the last years of the latter's life and his heart-break over the failure of the League of Nations. Anne of England, by Mary Cass Canfield and Ethel Borden, will be offered by Gilbert Miller. The play concerns the influence upon the Queen of the Duke of Marlborough and her influence in turn upon the historical events of her time.

Charles MacArthur, assisted by Nunnally Johnson, has completed two of the three acts of a comedy called *The Melancholy Dane*. It has nothing to do with Hamlet. George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber have put the final touches on a new collaborative work tentatively entitled *Three Acts*. Covering *à la* Milestones a period of many years, it depicts the changes that come over a family of wealth in the course of three generations.

★ PAUL VINCENT CARROLL will try to make audiences forget his *Kindred* and *The Old Foolishness* and remember him rather as the author of *Shadow and Substance* and *The White Steed* with *The Strings*, *My Lord, Are False*, laid in Scotland during a series of raids by Nazi bombers. The title derives from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. In a letter to me, Carroll observes: "You asked me one night in New York to 'go back to the Church' in my writing. Well, I have, but in deep universal terms. I wish at times I could sit down and talk with you about the wonderful and the terrible things I have seen here in Glasgow. But I have tried to put them all into the new play with the same sincerity with which I wrote *Shadow and Substance*. I have sifted out and put away only the unbearable things—they are not for any stage."

Some others. Frederick Lonsdale and Vincent Youmans—there is a new combination for you—are collaborating on a play with music, Lonsdale having temporarily abandoned further work on a projected comedy containing no character of less exalted social rank than a grand duke and Youmans having for the time being set aside his own projected Spanish operetta. Emyln Williams, whose *The Corn Is Green* was one of last season's successes, will have Aldrich and Myers as producers of a new exhibit called *The Light of Heart*, which treats of a celebrated old actor ruined by alcohol, of his young daughter's futile effort to reform him, and of his end in suicide.

Sean O'Casey's latest work, *Purple Dust*, will have Eddie Dowling as its sponsor. Dealing with two Englishmen who buy an old mansion in Ireland and try to recapture therein a feel of the purple traditions of the

past, it should prove, with its beautiful O'Casey rhythms, one of the treats of the season. Noel Coward will be represented, after an absence of several years, by a comedy known as *Blithe Spirit*, which tells of the ghost of a man's first wife which, upon the man's remarrying, installs itself in his household and raises ructions with *Wife No. 2*. W. Somerset Maugham will not have a play of his own—he still affirms he is done with play-

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

- 1—Ignace Jan Paderewski, famous Polish pianist.
- 2—Russia, with approximately 30,000. The United States has a few more than 16,200.
- 3—Both the male and female die.
- 4—Eight Presidents were born in Virginia: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, and Wilson.
- 5—The continent of Antarctica.
- 6—Gideon, a Biblical character. His name was chosen because he was a man willing to do "exactly what God wanted him to do, regardless of his own ideas."
- 7—To Holland, but they decided to come to the New World, and obtained a grant which enabled them to set sail from England.
- 8—The St. Louis Blues.
- 9—The Diomedes are three islands in the Bering Strait, midway between Alaska and Siberia. The international boundary runs between the two largest islands.
- 10—Arkansas is proper, according to a state legislative resolution of 1881.
- 11—The ant traveling from pole to pole. The diameter through the poles is about 7,899 miles; at the equator it is about 7,926 miles.
- 12—\$10,000. There is a \$100,000 bill—but it is used only between the Federal Reserve Bank and the U. S. government.
- 13—They are being used for various purposes in national defense and to replace ships taken over from private concerns.
- 14—Keeler held the all-time major-league record for batting safely in 44 consecutive baseball games—until Joe DiMaggio broke it.
- 15—Dutch, Swedish, British, American.
- 16—It is said that a church just outside London, named St. Peter's, was a cathedral. Later, it was brought within the diocese of London and a large part of its property used to pay off repair bills at St. Paul's. Thus the expression.
- 17—Lewis E. Lawes, warden of Sing Sing for twenty-one years and author of *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*.
- 18—The Seven Years' War.
- 19—Because there are volcanic hot springs there so powerful that they are used to heat public buildings, etc.
- 20—In Hyde Park, New York; President Roosevelt.

writing—but a dramatization of his novel, *Theater*, by Guy Bolton, is scheduled for next month.

Pearl Buck will be along with *Flight to China*, which relates the story of Chinese Jews and which was tried out in a summer theater several seasons ago. By the time this appears in print, Maxwell Anderson's newest play, *Candle in the Wind*, with Helen Hayes in the leading role, may have seen production, at least outside New York. Its central characters are a wealthy American actress and a French journalist who has seen action at Dunkirk. The theme is self-sacrifice. Also to have seen production is Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's *The Wookey*. This is the play that so fascinated the Metro-Goldwyn officials in Hollywood that they gave the author thirty thousand dollars as an advance on royalties. The play treats of a cockney barge salt who gran-

diosely opposes the British government's war policies and who suffers a change of heart when conditions, including a German bombing of his household shack, are brought suddenly home to him. The tone for the most part, at least in the earlier stages of the play, is humorous, and some of the language is hardly calculated to endear the author to the Epworth League and Hitler. The sound effects of London air raids are, incidentally, one of the features of the production.

★ IN the way of mystery, murder, and detective plays, four are due. One is *The Walking Gentleman*, written by Grace Perkins in collaboration with the editor of *Liberty*, and dealing with an actor of psychopathic homicidal tendencies and the manner in which he is unmasked and trapped. Part of the action occurs in a theater. It will be recalled that another of one of these collaborators' plays, *The Spider*, that one written in conjunction with Lowell Brentano, similarly had scenes laid in a theater. A second play in the category, *Mr. Bib*, by Arthur Sheekman and Margaret Shane, will also find itself laid in a theater and, as in the instance of *The Spider*, will offer colloquies carried on by the actors with hypothetical members of the audience. A third play will be Patrick Hamilton's *Gaslight*, which is laid in a past era and concerns a presumably demure woman's taste for blood. The fourth and early produced offering is Parker W. Fennelly's *Two Story House*, which periodically employs a commentator in the manner of *Our Town* to describe various aspects of the action and which has to do with a set of characters almost as bizarre as those in George M. Cohan's mad farce, *The Tavern*. Incidentally, an offering of the early season also having a commentator is Carl Allensworth's *Village Green*, the commentator being played by the same Frank Craven who served in a similar capacity in *Our Town*.

Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's *Western Union, Please* is a farce which will show you a man who deserts his family for ten years, turning up at the end of that time as a messenger boy. Robert Sherwood, who is giving his services to the government as an assistant to Bill Donovan, allows that he will have no leisure in which to compose a new play, and while S. N. Behrman has not yet said anything the one way or the other, I am told by a friend of his that he will have already applied himself to a new one by the time these lines develop in type.

Of course, too, there will be at least one hundred other dramatic exhibits, for everything points to one of the biggest seasons in years, but there is no space to list them all. So take them, along with the many musical shows, the inevitable Owen Davis play, Maurice Evans' *Macbeth*, and maybe two or three of the usual anti-Nazi opera, more or less for granted, optimist or no optimist.

THE END

TOMORROW WE MARCH

Continued from Page 24

airs, had been on Maria Lantera's paper. Others were substitutions of her own. Werther and von Seidt studied the list together.

Presently von Seidt muttered something and ran a pencil through Michaela's aria from Bizet's *Carmen*.

"Why did you include this?" he demanded. "In the Reich we do not tolerate such trash."

"Trash, signor? *Carmen*?"

"The compositions of Jews are trash."

While Herr von Seidt went on with the list, Mignon sent a dismayed look at Philip. She had made her first mistake, and it staggered her. In arranging her repertory she had known what to avoid. She had omitted all compositions by Ravel, Strauss, Saint-Saëns, Offenbach, Mendelssohn, Halévy, Meyerbeer, a number of others; especially the moderns like Gershwin and Zucca and Friml and Berlin. But she had forgotten that Bizet, too, was a Jew. She wanted to groan as her eye met Philip's. Tragic mistakes could so innocently be made.

"Also," Herr von Seidt said when he finished, "we will select your program tomorrow. Meanwhile you will meet the lady who will introduce you to the audiences. You will give her all necessary facts about yourself—where you have performed, where you have had your greatest success, and so on." He added to Sigmund Werther, "Ask Fräulein Abernathil to come in."

Fräulein Abernathil. . .

★ THE impact of the name jolted Philip like a blow. His body seemed to freeze. At the beginning he didn't want to believe it. He thought, *Not Lisa! It can't be Lisa!* Yet he knew, with a dreadful sting of certainty, that it would be Lisa.

He saw Herr Werther hurry out of the office. And he knew Lisa would be stunned to recognize him here. What terrified him was her possible reaction in the presence of Herr von Seidt—betraying his masquerade by her very amazement.

Philip felt desperate. If only he had been able to face Lisa outside for an instant, before they confronted each other in this office—

Herr Werther came back. "So," he said. "She is on the way."

Philip turned to the door. It was open. Beyond it was a small anteroom, with another door leading to the outside hall. As he waited his whole being pounded. His lips were parched. Then he saw Lisa Abernathil enter the antechamber—tall, gloriously molded, giving a smile and a nod to the clerk at the outside desk.

Will Lisa betray Philip? Even if she wants to protect him, will the shock of seeing him be too much to hide? Tense with drama, thrills, next week's chapter brings startling surprises!

Glenmore.. BEST BET IN BOURBON!

MELLOWER
Slow and careful—
Glenmore's special
aging process does
the trick.

SMOOTHER
Thanks to its
famous Barton
formula.

**HIGHEST
QUALITY**
At a price that
stretches your whiskey
dollar. This whiskey
is 4 years old.

Corpr. 1941
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

Pour **GLENMORE**
..you get more

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KY.



TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ SCHOOLTEACHERS, male and female, are good patrons of the marriage-broker business. Lots of them take this way of getting wed—but they *don't* marry other teachers! . . . Among ten thousand couples for whom matrimonial consultant Dorothy Jaffee has managed hook-ups, several college professors are numbered, along with many grade-school teachers, high-school teachers, and one school principal. I asked Miss Jaffee how she accounts for her steady trade from educationalists. "They're too busy," she said, "to waste time on chance courtship. Like all my clients, they're serious. When they come to me, they are out to get married and no fooling!" . . . All ages of maturity seek her office in the Bronx—some girls of eighteen, boys just past twenty-one, men and women through every score of years. She once booked a hitch between a lady of sixty-two and a gent of sixty-seven. Parents frequently engage her to save their daughters from haphazard contacts. Miss Jaffee investigates thoroughly, then transacts introductions by phone, like blind dates. Her fees run from around \$200 to about a thousand, depending on circumstances. She turns down any applicant with more than three children, and keeps prospects apart unless they're within ten years of the same age. Often her younger couples become engaged, diamond ring and all, then go honeymooning regulation style after the wedding. Older pairs merely settle down quick. Few ever admit her part in their romance, telling friends they met on a cruise, etc. But they send her presents—and her divorce score is extremely low.

★ TO show what love at first sight can do, I'll outline this true story from her confidential records: A middle-aged real-estate man applied for a mate with at least thirty thousand dollars to invest in his firm. Gradually he reduced the sum required, first to twenty-five thousand, then to fifteen. One day by accident he met a lady client at the Jaffee office. "But she hasn't any money," he was told. Nevertheless he married her right away—forgot all need of the thirty, the twenty-five, the fifteen thousand. In fact, he had to pay her marriage-broker fee as well as his own.

★ QUITE new are the signature bracelets by Scandinavian silversmith Egil Høye—your name in your own handwriting, engraved on silver set in a hand-wrought copper band. \$7.50.

★ SUMMER echoes: . . . Girls on the beach discussing boy friends away in the army or navy. "How much does he cost you in postage?" they ask each other . . . Lady, mystified because she couldn't keep her bathtub clean, discovered the reason. Her sophomore son, learning Spanish, sat in the tub on hot days, writing Spanish exercises around the rim in pencil. . . . Little summer theater, its two retiring

rooms indicated merely by a print of Titian's Portrait of a Young Man on the door of one, a print of Mona Lisa on the other door.

★ YOU'LL see why I must not reveal identities in this true story: A prominent publisher of my acquaintance is an amateur artist. Recently he decided to exhibit his pictures, but not under his own name. A lady friend of his, a professional actress, helped him out. Introducing her to a well known New York art dealer as a Russian countess, he said the paintings were by her. She was rattling off arty talk with a broad Moscow accent, when the dealer stopped her cold by speaking excellent Russian. So everybody confessed. The art-gallery man had spent years in Russia as a British agent. None of his Fifty-seventh Street friends ever guessed his political past.

★ A LIVELY grandma from Virginia tells me that when visiting her married children she always ensures a welcome by bringing a Virginia ham and one of her special chocolate cakes. After tasting the cake I don't wonder she's warmly greeted. Its rich, dark, honey-sweet *Black Velvet Icing* is the secret. She makes the icing as follows: . . . Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ pound sweet chocolate; put in 4 full tablespoons powdered sugar; stir well; then put in 3 beaten eggs. Cook till thick in double boiler over hot water, stirring constantly. When thick, add 4 tablespoons butter. Let cool. Spread on white angel cake.

★ HERE are laughs true to life for any of you who work behind a counter—Kathleen L. Kolby's new book, *Sally the Salesgirl*. (Binford & Mort, Portland, Oregon. \$1.)



"That's just in case George takes a notion to cook a snack for himself."

★ Gags the Soldiers Always Tell ★

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

★ A SOLDIER in a prison camp knew his letters to his home would be censored. So he wrote as follows: "My dear folks. I have been captured by the enemy and they are treating me fine. I'm getting plenty of food and entertainment. I want you to tell this to all our friends—but especially I want you to tell it to Sweeney."

★ CURSING and yelling on a London street was Clancy, holding a doorknob in his fist: "Them Heinies will pay for this—blowin' a saloon right out of me hand!"

★ TWO colored boys discussing war: HENRY: A government ain't got no right to make you fight another fellow that you ain't never seen or know! REMUS: The government don't make you fight a man that you ain't never seen or know. All the government does is this: They give you a uniform and a gun and then takes you within fifty feet of the enemy—then lets you use your *own* judgment!

★ LITTLE Sammy was drafted. Superior officer was complaining about Sammy to a friend: "Little Sammy Goldberg is a problem. He has a negative personality and is truculent. He is a bad influence in the camp and I don't know what to do with him, because I like him!" A month later the friend spoke to the officer again, asking how little Sammy Goldberg was getting on. The commander's face was all smiles. "Why, little Sammy is now the best soldier in camp. If I had a thousand like him I'd run all dictators off this earth. I simply applied a little psychology on the boy. I gave Sammy a uniform and a gun and said, 'Sammy, you are now in business for yourself!'"

★ A VICIOUS spy was caught and Clancy was ordered to take him to a specified woods and have him shot. As they trudged along for about eight miles, the spy yelled, "Ain't it bad enough that I got to be shot, without walking me eight miles yet?" "What are you complaining about? I got to walk back yet!" barked Clancy.

★ MOSE, of the deep South, was drafted and sent up to a Northern camp. When furlough time came around, he applied for the carfare and time to go home and visit his folks. Weeks passed and no answer from the main office. Mose decided to take it up with the department. The commandant was puzzled. "The reason we haven't



BY
HARRY HERSHFIELD

Noted raconteur and compiler
of contemporary humor

given you railroad tickets yet is because nobody knows where that town of yours is in the South—nobody ever heard of it!" "Funny," returned Mose; "they knew where it was when they drafted me!"

★ TO keep the army absolutely democratic, it was suggested that each camp have one big building housing all the religions. The designer elucidated: "In this house of worship we'd have a different-shaped room for each faith. But the main feature would be one tremendous room in the center." "What's that for?" asked one. "Bingo," came the clincher.

★ ABE asked Jake: "What would you do if you were in Berlin and got a threatening letter from Hitler?" To which Jake replied: "I'd read it in an airplane!"

★ TWO men were sitting in a streetcar. Opposite sat a Mr. Ginsberg. One of the two remarked: "Hitler is his own worst enemy!" "Not while I'm alive!" cried Ginsberg.

★ A COLORED boy in the trenches let go his razor at one of the enemy. "You never touched him," remarked a buddy. "Is that so? Brother, you just wait till he nods!"

THE END

SURE SIGN OF RICH YET MILD

cheddar flavor

VELVEETA IS . . .

- Rich in milk protein
- Rich in milk minerals
- An excellent source of vitamins A and G
- Digestible as milk itself!

SPREADS, SLICES, TOASTS, MELTS PERFECTLY

If your folks love cheddar that's rich yet coaxingly mild in flavor, don't just guess when you buy. Get Kraft's famous cheese food, Velveeta, with the flavor they love . . . every time! And let them have nutritious Velveeta regularly . . . in cooked dishes as well as snacks, sandwiches.

Copr. 1941 by Kraft Cheese Company

THE LAST WORD:

*Faith Baldwin's Novel About
an Obstetrician*



© BACHRACH
FULTON OURSLER

have seldom appeared either in drama or fiction.

THE TIME COMES TO every man when his life is in the hands of his physician. Perhaps that is why the doctor is a favorite character in fiction—whether he is Sinclair Lewis' hero in *Arrowsmith* or the melodramatic schizophrenic in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Of all doctors, the kind burdened with the greatest responsibility is the obstetrician. Not one life, but two, perhaps more, are in his keeping. It is not too much to say that the obstetricians of America are the best in the world. Yet they

NOW COMES FAITH BALDWIN in *Liberty* next week with a new novel called *Breath of Life*. It is, as you may not be surprised to learn, the story of an obstetrician, his wife, and his nurse. But within the borders of a triangular pattern Miss Baldwin has written a novel that is much more than an exciting yarn. *Breath of Life* is a moving, thrilling, and completely honest study of three human beings—of a man whose daily work is to ease the agonies of labor and to bring into the world new human beings called babies; of a wife spoiled and imperious; and of a nurse whose true feelings are for a long time concealed under the mask of professional propriety. But the time comes when the husband's eyes are opened, when the wife is fighting a grim and desperate battle with herself and the nurse can no longer remain silent. What happens then is the story which Faith Baldwin has fashioned, *Breath of Life*, and which I recommend as something well worth while.

TWO OTHER FINE STORIES are in the forthcoming issue: *Ah, Biddy Was the Wild One!* by Lenora Mattingly Weber, and *Ed (our own talking horse) Takes the Cockeyed Initiative*, by Walter Brooks. There are some exceptionally fine articles, including a baseball story by Dolly Stark called *Who Will Be the Hero of the World Series?* Football's Toughest Circuit, by Norman L. Sper; Princess Kropotkin and Bubbles Schinasi with their woman-to-woman and girl-to-girl talk; all your other favorite features, and generous installments of *If the Windsors Had Only Waited*, by Frederick L. Collins; *Tomorrow We March*,

by Oscar Schisgall; and *I Paid Hitler's Way to Power*, by Fritz Thyssen. We all hope you like it.

SALMAGUNDI: Saw a picture the other day privately exhibited by the United China Relief, a composite of newsreels of peace and war in the Kingdom of Flowers. Mr. Wango Weng did the very excellent scenario. . . . From all over the country comes word of enthusiastic Liberty Americans who, in response to a squib on this page a few weeks ago, are helping in the cause of Bundles for Britain. . . . At luncheon with Edgar Selwyn, Broadway and Hollywood producer, the other noon, he told me of a remedy he discovered in his youth for sleepless nights, when the mind is still tortured with the quarrels of the day. A priest suggested to him that he try an experiment. He was to rise from his bed, when he could not sleep, sit at his desk, and begin writing a conversation of three characters—A, B, and C. A was to be himself, annoyed at some friend or business associate, B would be the other fellow, and C the judge. First he must write down his own peeve in full. Then, having got that out of his system, he was to write what he imagined the other fellow would say in self-defense. Being a successful dramatist, Edgar would be able to give B a pretty good break. Then, after reading both sides, he was to write C's decision.

"It worked," said Edgar. "I was always able to get to sleep—if I got through before it was time to go to work. But the funny part of it was," he added, "that fellow B always won." . . . Last week-end I went to Martha's Vineyard for a visit at the home of two of the earth's most favored and charming people—Katharine Cornell and her director husband, Guthrie McClintic. I found Miss Cornell completing a most extraordinary job of removing the varnish from a concert grand piano. The natural wood emerged in lovely brown tones, warm and seasoned, matching the panels of the seventy-five-foot drawing room. Wood is beautiful of itself. The black glitter that the famous actress had removed, scrape by scrape, in ardent toil was good riddance. The lovely instrument, like a human being, was most beautiful *au naturel*.



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

* * * * * CONTENTS—SEPTEMBER 20, 1941 * * * * *

EDITORIAL

Mr. Roosevelt Wins a Point. 9

SHORT STORIES

Darling . . Hello! . . . Constance Bestor 12
A Likely Young Fellow—Liberty's
Short Short Anne Linn 25
Two On the Aisle . . . Crosby George 44

SERIALS

If the Windsors Had Only Waited—
Part I Frederick L. Collins 10
Tomorrow We March—Part V
Oscar Schisgall 20
I Paid Hitler's Way to Power—
Part V Fritz Thyssen 28

ARTICLES

What Hitler Told Me About Christianity—Pastor Martin Niemöller
as told to Dr. Leo Stein 16
What Love Has Done for William
Powell Frederick Lewis 18
Rudy and the Barrymores—Their
Horrible Fate. A four-star broad-
cast 26
Super-Duper Ted Shane 39
On U. S. Patrol in the Atlantic
Walter Karig 42
I Still Pick Joe Louis. . . Jack Dempsey 54
Footlight Preview
George Jean Nathan 57

Gags the Soldiers Always Tell
Harry Hershfield 61

FEATURES

This Man's Army Old Sarge 32
Vox Pop, 4; Beverly Hills' Movie Guide, 7; Twenty Questions, 36; Crossword Puzzle, 56; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in *Liberty* are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

Drive out the Time Thief with Ticonderoga Pencils

The Time Thief (he's simply an inferior pencil) has no place where America's children are taught or where American people work. Science has proved that switching to Dixon Ticonderoga pencils results in 50% easier and faster writing—a decided help to clear thinking and quick expression.



Indispensable as a nation's army is the free spirit of its people. We must keep alive the genius and the memory of Ethan Allen's gallant stroke for freedom at Fort Ticonderoga in 1775. Here's to the pencil named for this famous event. Clear through, Ticonderoga is efficient, economical...the kind of pencil that encourages speedy accuracy, discourages waste of time and energy.

Each pencil 5c—less in dozens—much less per gross. See your stationer.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Dept. 10-J9, Jersey City, N. J.



THOSE gossiping mares don't know the half of it! The gasoline sold at the Red Horse Sign is stepped way up...*taylor-made* for fast-stepping engines.

Do car owners like it?

Their preference *alone* made Mobilgas America's favorite.

And for this simple reason:

Mobilgas is constantly improved—(14 times in 5 years). It is unsurpassed at regular price in all-around performance.

If you like fast-stepping, yet thrifty, performance—fill up with Mobilgas—today!



Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE ➡

"They Say That Red Horse is a Fast Stepper"



SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc., and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corporation of California